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TAKE LIFE AS IT IS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

What words of good advice we give,
How little do we take!
Each man who lives, had he his way,
A better world would make.
But happier far the man content
With what may come of bliss,
Who does not long to change the world,
But takes it as it is.

What hours and days some people waste
In moanings and complaints,
Because the Lord forgot to make
All human beings saints!
Because creation was not made
On any plan of his,
The creature says I will not take
Creation as it is.

And so, at endless war with Fate,
Man fights and growls and frets;
And still may growl, for aught we know,
Disturbing Paradise;
All life to him is misery.
Death cannot come amiss;
A lesson apt, I ween, for those
Who take life as it is.

Not that we need to idly float
Adown the stream of life;
For there are works for love to do,
As well as work for strife.
If we can help some weaker man
Whose aims are all amiss,
That is a deed to brighten time,
And take life as it is.

If we can dry some sister's tear,
Relieve some brother's woe,
'Tis something not to be forgot
When to our rest we go;
There's none so poor, so weak and lone,
Such deeds to wholly miss,
If he abjure the sigh and groan,
And takes life as it is.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

As Candell followed Gertrude, he saw George glance with an eager eye at a partly-opened door through which he thought he detected a female figure. For this reason he did not occupy much time in the inspection of the apartment assigned him by the friendly peasant. She had not by any means overrated the comforts of the room. It was bright and airy, being lighted by two large windows, about which a mass of sweet-smelling vines had clambered, and its cheerful appearance had considerable effect in reviving the Baron's depressed spirits.

They descended again, following Gertrude, who led them into a little parlor, where they found Therese seated at a table which was covered with artificial flowers. The young girl arose when she saw the strange gentleman enter the room with her lover.

"My dear Therese," said the latter, "I have brought with me Monsieur Fongeray, the gentleman I told you of—the one who saved my life last night."

This was a simple form of introduction, but the young girl was visibly confused. The blood mounted to her face, she dropped her eyes timidly, and stammered a few unintelligible words to the stranger.

"A bashful little fool!" thought the Baron; and, bowing with the grace and confidence of a man who is accustomed to saluting marchionesses, he said in his softest tones: "Mademoiselle, if indeed I have saved the life of Monsieur Salviac, he has more than repaid me by the pleasure of this introduction."

Therese made no other answer to this compliment than a slight, girlish curtsy. The Baron noticed, however, that, while she seemed embarrassed, her great, liquid, wondering eyes were furtively examining him from head to foot.

The first idea that struck him was the unpleasant one that perhaps she, too, was going to find some resemblance in him to somebody else. This annoyed him, and he puzzled his brain for some way to put a definite end to the persecution that threatened him. But Candell was an expert in reading female glances, and a little reflection convinced him that there was nothing retrospective in the stolen scrutiny of Therese.

"Ah, ha!" thought he, "is this the ground the Republic is founded on? They haven't remodeled women's thoughts and looks, with all their reforms."

"This gentleman is going to dwell with us," said Gertrude, "and I hope he will not find life too dull here."

"Too dull? That could never be," said the Baron politely. He caught the glance of Therese, and her eyes fell modestly to her work. "George will be here often, I am sure, and, if he will permit, I can occasionally share with him the society of Mlle. Therese."

"Oh, yes," said George, "often; and you will be welcome."

"That depends on what the lady may say," suggested Aymeric.

"Monsieur Salviac's friends are mine," said the young girl in a subdued, musical voice, at the same time raising her head and submitting to the gaze of the stranger a full view of her lovely face. Candell was literally staggered by her beauty.

He was a cavalier of experience, and not one of those who go into raptures over the first pretty face they see. He was nothing if not critical. And, withal, he was of the school of Don Juan, and, if his list of conquests did not already contain a thousand and three names, it was made up of an assortment quite as complete and equally varied. But not in the gorgeous halls of Versailles, nor in the gilded palaces of England, nor under the ardent sun of the Mediterranean shores had he seen any creature as perfect in loveliness as the daughter of the peasant Gertrude. One would have said that the tender graces of the north had dissolved in her person under the glow of a tropical beauty. She had the deep, warm complexion of sunny climes, and a classic regularity of sculptural outlines, while her wealth of golden hair and her great blue eyes would not have done discredit to the loveliest of Scandinavian virgins. But the characteristic feature was her mouth, with its pouting lips, slightly sensual and all refinement in its delicate lines. The Baron stood like one in a trance, gazing fixedly on this beauteous sight.

George broke the charm by slapping him on the back and recalling to his mind the fact that he had had no breakfast yet. Unromantic interpolation! It sufficed, however, to bring Aymeric back to his senses, and he took a hasty leave. Therese, profiting by his momentary confusion, had a good look at him. But, disconcerted as the Baron was, he did not fail to notice this circumstance.

Gertrude gave her lodger a key to the door, and overwhelmed him with apologies for the poor accommodations and earnest promises relative to her determination to employ her best efforts to make him comfortable. When the two friends found themselves in the street, George was the first to open the conversation in regard to the interview they had just had.

"The lady you love is not absolutely the most beautiful in the world, after all—is she, now?" he asked of Aymeric.

"No," said the Baron; and he added mentally: "Poor Christiane! If she could hear me!"

CHAPTER IX.—A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Citizen Liardot passed for a man of means and skill at planning, as well in the world as in the band of conspirators in which he took so active a part, and he had never proved the practical qualities of his mind more decidedly than by the ingenious fashion in which he had managed to make commercial use of the former monastery of the Order of Theatin. This community had, in 1793, suffered the fate of all the religious orders in France. The monks were driven out and dispersed. The Committee of Public Safety decided to lease the property provisionally; so, during two years, these religious premises had been occupied successively by a livery-stable, a riding-school, a dealer in antiquities, and at last a caterer took the buildings in charge as a grand hotel. Meantime Liardot made his appearance, and, after a little negotiation, bought the entire property for a ridiculously small sum—a property which, two years after, was valued at several millions. But it was not by chance that the lucky financier had chosen this vast pile of buildings for the establishment of his offices and his magnificent private quarters. The accommodations were none too great for the complicated and varied trade he engaged in. The great storehouses were never empty, and he would have found it difficult to have carried on his vast commercial operations in more restricted quarters. On the ground-floor, opening on the quay, he had established an exchange where the market quotations were set forth to crowds of merchants daily, and a succession of large stores were devoted to traffic in every imaginable commodity. The rich banker merely followed the fashion when he engaged in these mixed commercial operations, and he lost no reputation by establishing shops for his trade on the floor below his magnificent parlors and private apartments. He had established himself for his hours of ease in the private apartments of the late prior of the Theatins—and a splendid habitation it was—and the former refectory of the good fathers had naturally furnished him an incomparable dining-room. At Liardot's they drank the most exquisite wines and ate of the fruits of the two hemispheres amid Oriental magnificence, while below was a floor crammed with old barrels, and they danced on a floor that was founded on a stratum of pork and leaking hogsheads of molasses. So, on the ground-floor lay the rich but rude merchandise, and on this solid mercantile base rested the magnificent palace in which the speculator nobly dispensed his fortune among his fortunate guests. It seemed almost an allegory, so great was the change made by the passage of one flight of stairs.

But there was one great advantage of the crush of trade about Liardot's stores. Trade demanded politeness to all comers, and he found no difficulty, therefore, in meeting and conversing with his coconspirators every hour of the day without exciting the least suspicion. And Liardot opened his doors to everyone. Even Barras himself, the chief of the Directory, was often a guest at his table, and never had the slightest suspicion been aroused against him. The availability of the monastery for the purpose of a private residence was heightened by the existence of an immense garden, almost a park, laid out in shaded walks bordered with old trees with flower-beds and Summer-houses, and all surrounded by a wall so high as to prevent all prying observation. A long, low wing projected from the main building into this garden. It was only two stories in height, and was connected with the large edifice by an inclosed hallway or walk of late construction. At the back of the garden was a little stone house, which had been used in former times for the confinement of refractory monks, but which now was very convenient as a lodging for visiting conspirators from abroad. Citizen Liardot, however, bore an excellent reputation for benevolence; and since he was in the habit of dispensing royal charities to the worthy poor, no one envied him his magnificent quarters or his business success.

As to the wife of the opulent speculator (for he was married), she was rarely seen out of the house. When her husband received his guests, at certain stated periods, she came out from the apartments where she lived a very retired life, and did the honors of the table and parlor. Those who had seen her all these duties were unanimous in the declaration that no one could have acted with more grace or dignity. But whether it was that the financial conversation had no interest for her, or that she was naturally taciturn, Madame Liardot spoke but little. A last detail will suffice to describe the mistress of this opulent mansion. She never received women, either at her dinners or at her soirees; nor did she encourage them to visit her. This peculiarity could not fail to provoke much comment. A majority of the gossips inclined to the opinion that she wished to reign without a rival over a masculine court in her husband's house. Others insinuated that on moral principles she was opposed to throwing open her doors to the female companions of money-changers, who were not always overdelicate in matters of morality. But others, perhaps better informed, held that by closing her doors to the fair sex she wished to imply that she devoted herself to the entertainment of her husband's friends, and not her own.

However this might be, the day after the New-Year festival, just before the usual dinner hour, Madame Liardot, magnificently attired, and her neck, shoulders and arms blazing with diamonds, was enthroned in one of the gilded salons of her husband's house, and surrounded by a more or less sincere crowd of admirers. This day Citizen Liardot gave one of his famous dinners. He had invited a dozen guests—rich men, every one. The dinner-costume was no longer laced coats and chapeaux bras, as under the old regime of royalty; but the company conveyed the idea of its wealth outwardly in every possible way. You might imagine even that their walk had something of a specie-jingle in it. But, to do him justice, we must state that Liardot, neither in his attire nor in his manners, ever approached the coarse pride in wealth that characterized his guests. Not that he was lacking in any of the forms of courtly politeness; but his features expressed habitually something deeper than the mere love of lucre or devotion to an appetite for pleasure. His face expressed only a vague firmness, and yet one might suspect that under this impassible mask there were struggling passions that were all the more powerful from being so perfectly restrained.

This evening, besides, he appeared more careworn than usual. The day had been laborious and the incessant cares of business had not allowed him a moment's rest, nor afforded him the opportunity to pass a word with his wife. It was his custom to pass the hour before dinner in her society, but this day he had been so busy that he had been obliged to disarrange his regular plans, and had barely found time even to send her a message notifying her that she would be expected to receive a party of guests that evening. So, when he walked into the parlor late, he was for the moment as much a stranger as any of the company. Liardot glanced about the room, and noted that De Candell had not yet arrived. This annoyed him somewhat, and he could not help wondering if any new and unfortunate event had detained him. Twenty times already he had regretted that he had allowed the neophyte of the conspiracy to leave him without having a watchful spy on his track, and now this strange delay began to worry him. Left to himself in the streets of Paris, this gay and frivolous conspirator might get into a difficulty that would prove disastrous—that might perhaps bring about an exposure of all the plans of the Black Band. Liardot determined, however, when he came, to take advantage of the first opportunity to instruct him thoroughly in his duties as a conspirator, and his obligations to his fellow-conspirators. At last, after a long and painful wait, the liveried servant announced:

"Citizen Fougeray."

Madame Liardot did not turn her head to see the new guest. The name was unknown to her, and her husband's friends were generally of one class—a class that did not awaken her enthusiasm, to say the least. But the rest of the company, hearing a strange name announced, were all attention, and devoted themselves to giving the newcomer a formal reception of curiosity. The air of the latter was charmingly self-possessed, and his dress was faultless. His air and manners were at once set in favorable contrast with the rest of the assemblage. Liardot heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the tardy guest arrive. He hastened towards him at once.

"Ah! my friend from Louisiana," said he in a loud and significant tone, as if to remind the visitor of the part it had been agreed he was to play.

"Good-evening, citizen," answered the Baron, entering at once into the spirit of his part.

Liardot whispered:

"That's very good. If you will guide your speech during the dinner according to mine, everything will work like a charm."

Aymeric answered with a meaning glance, and continued aloud:

"May I have the honor of an introduction to Madame Liardot?"

"Come," said the speculator warmly, and evidently delighted with the cool assurance and self-possession of the young conspirator; and he led him towards the sofa where the beauteous lady of the house was waiting with perfect indifference until it pleased her husband to present his belated guest. Having no doubt that this was another of the prosy personages who generally made up the company, she had not been inspired with even a woman's curiosity to see what he looked like; so she had not attempted to catch a glimpse of him from among the crowd of fat, overfed guests who surrounded her. Aymeric bowed before her without looking. But when he recovered from his gracious salute he raised his eyes and they fell on his hostess. The shock that resulted from this single glance was like a lightning stroke. Christiane De Limeuil was before him!

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME—MAKING THE POKER HOT!

It required a second glance to convince him. It was indeed she. Christiane was the wife of this coarse, rough Liardot—this man who, only the night before, had held in his hands the life of the proud Baron De Candell. It required a tremendous effort on the part of the young man to stifle the name that rushed to his lips, and to smother the wild emotions that surged through his bursting heart. But he succeeded, and, excepting an unusual pallor, no sign betrayed his astonishment and anguish.

But Christiane was less impassive. She had suddenly recognized the man she loved and had sprung to her feet, her eyes staring wildly and her hands pressed convulsively on her bosom to repress the wild beating of her heart. A few inarticulate sounds came from her lips, and she fell back to the sofa breathless and excited. Her lynx-eyed husband had not lost a single detail of this scene. His ruddy features paled as he asked himself: "Can they know each other?" Undoubtedly it only depended on himself to find a satisfying answer to this question, for had he asked Christiane at that moment she would not have had the courage to have denied the truth. She would have cried out in her agony:

"Yes, I know him—I have known and loved him since my youth—since the days when I was free and happy."

But Liardot was not the man to mar the pleasure of his guests by developing any conjugal troubles. He repressed his emotion with an effort. Poor Christiane, however, closed her eyes and awaited events as a prisoner on a scaffold awaits the offices of the executioner. The silence had already become embarrassing, and the company had begun to exchange significant glances. Aymeric comprehended the supreme danger of the situation, and the imperative necessity of averting it on the instant.

"Citizen," said he, turning towards Liardot, and forcing the appearance of gayety in his manner and voice, "I see that my presence has had the same effect on madame that it always has on ladies."

"Monsieur!" cried Liardot in an angry tone.

"But I mean what I say," persisted Candell tranquilly. "It's that unfortunate resemblance with which nature has afflicted me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I resemble, it seems, feature by feature, some man who must be very well known in Paris, and who must be a very bad person into the bargain, for Madame Liardot is the third lady this day on whom my appearance has had the effect of Medusa's head. This isn't very flattering to me, but so it is." And, turning to the rest of the company, he added: "If these gentlemen happen to know the person whom Providence allows to promenade my countenance about the city, I would be obliged to them if they would inform me where I may find him, that I may cut his ears and nose, to prevent mistakes in the future."

No one answered, because no one detected any resemblance in the features of the Baron to anyone they knew.

"I will wager," continued the Baron, "that my double is one of those bloodthirsty *sans culottes* who ran riot in Paris before the Directory stopped their slaughter of women, and this is why all the ladies seem to fear me."

This explanation was addressed to Liardot; but it was intended by the Baron as a suggestion to his wife of a good excuse for the emotion she had manifested. Christiane was quick to perceive his design, and availed himself of the artful diversion.

"Excuse me, monsieur," said she with an effort, "but you are right; your presence awakened a painful remembrance in my mind—a remembrance connected with my imprisonment and my condemnation to death by the Revolutionary tribunal."

"Say no more, I beg of you, madame," said Candiel; "I will never pardon myself for having aroused such painful emotions."

The door opened at this moment, and a servant appeared and announced dinner; and a very fortunate diversion it was for the two lovers. Incredulous by nature, Liardot was not inclined to give a blind credence to the explanation invented by the Baron; but he could hardly believe that Christiane would descend to a falsehood, and he was forced, fairly against his own judgment, to believe that her emotion had been occasioned by the resemblance of Aymeric to some one of her judges or jailors. And, besides, how could she have met the young nobleman, when he had been a refugee in a foreign land for the past five years?

Liardot regained his serenity; but he secretly reserved the right to question her closely in private on this point.

"Come, Griffard," said he to the wealthiest man among his guests, "give your arm to madame, and let us to table."

The coarse, vulgar-appearing man who had been thus addressed led off in the procession that advanced to the dining-room, Liardot and Candell bringing up the rear.

The gastronomic sanctuary was very pleasing to the eye. The monks' refectory had undergone considerable improvement since the property had fallen into Liardot's hands. Nothing characteristic of the religious dining-hall had been preserved excepting the high-vaulted ceiling. The proportions of the vast apartment had been reduced to make it more suitable to the requirements of its present owner by a movable partition of transparent glass, which reduced the size of the room either one-third or one-half, as might be desired, according to the number of guests assembled. Beyond this crystal barrier, the rest of the room was converted into a conservatory where the rarest exotic plants and the most beautiful flowers were charmingly confused with prattling fountains and mimic cascades, the whole being lighted with large lamps, which shed a mellow, subdued light through pale-green globes of crystal. The severe Gothic adornments of the dining-hall were concealed under festoons of flowery garlands, and at the four corners of the section of the room devoted to the guests orange-trees laden down with their golden fruit completed the scene of enchantment. The aspect of this profane Eden struck Candell with astonishment.

"The Devil take me if I thought these Republicans lived in this style!" he muttered to himself.

Meantime Christiane had taken her place in the middle of the long table. On her right was the fat man who had been her escort, and opposite was her husband, flanked by two equally ridiculous personages. As for Aymeric, he found his assumed name written on a little slip of paper on the third plate from Liardot, and on his side of the table. This astonished him, for he had not told Liardot what name he intended to assume, and he was certain that the chief of the conspirators could not have known that Charles Fougeray was to be his name until five minutes before the party appeared at the table. He did not know the intelligence of Liardot's steward, who, immediately on hearing the name, had it written and placed on the plate. This steward was, besides, a precious auxiliary for the speculator, who had no time to devote to the details of his household management, and therefore abandoned the management of the house completely to his hands. But his privileges were not limited to the household, for Liardot often took him along when he went to the Palais Royal to engage in his stock speculations. Indeed, Citizen Cabasson accompanied his master on all his business journeys, always attired in a foxskin cap and a suit of gray cloth; but in the house, where there was no necessity for a display of Republican simplicity, he appeared in all the significant glory of a showy livery.

The under-servants did not like him, and imagined that Madame Liardot shared their antipathy, from which they inferred that some day or another Cabasson would be shown the door. But he lorded it over them as if he had no fear of a future downfall, and since Liardot left everything in his hands, rarely deigning to notice the lackeys in his employ, Cabasson was, as far as the servants were concerned, the most powerful and important personage in the house. For a Republican, indeed, and moreover for a conspirator, Liardot was imprudently lacking in democratic freedom in his own house. This evening he did not notice Cabasson once, while the latter kept his eyes on him in anxious attention.

Aymeric was seated almost face to face with Christiane, whose eyes irresistibly attracted his, as the loadstone attracts the metal. But absorbed as he was in his love and in the emotion awakened by so unexpected a meeting, he was not entirely oblivious to the magnificence about him. The main dishes of massive gold, the knives with ivory handles and silver blades, the plates of the finest Sevres porcelain and the glasses of delicate Bohemian crystal, would have done no discredit to the banqueting-hall of any sovereign of Europe. In these times, when a golden louis was quoted in the market at from fifteen to twenty thousand livres, it would have required enough assignats to have filled the vast refectory of the good Theatin Fathers to have paid for this extravagant and ridiculous feast. Thus thought Aymeric, and he for a moment thought of raising the fine table-cloth to see if the table was not of gold, as well as the dishes. Aymeric was deep in these reflections up to the third course, when, happening to look up, his glance fell suddenly upon two eyes, whose expression and the direction of whose fixed look he had not remarked before. These eyes were gray, piercing and luminous, like those of a cat, and directed their watchful gaze with a marked persistence at Christiane. These eyes belonged to Cabasson, the major-domo of the house, whose name Candiel did not know, and whose functions he despised.

"What does this fool mean?" muttered the Baron to himself. "He is looking at her like a hungry tiger watching a gazelle. Is he in love with her himself? Here is another mystery to clear up!"

After the dinner the company was ushered into the part of the room laid out as a garden, where the coffee was served. Christiane was seated on a cushion prepared for her in the middle of a broad bank of grass, and performed the offices of this last act in the ceremonies of the evening with the resignation of a woman who is ready to sacrifice all her own convenience to her ideas of jeonjugal duty.

Liardot now approached Aymeric, who lingered in the background watching Christiane out of the corner of his eye, and racking his brain for a good excuse to get nearer her throne.

"Come, my dear Fougeray," said he in a loud tone, "I'll show you my conservatory. I've a rare camelia just imported from Japan that I would like you to examine."

"I will be delighted," said Aymeric, not at all displeased that the explanation which he had been preparing throughout the dinner was to be demanded and given at last. They walked away slowly and arm-in-arm, like old and very dear friends who had been separated for years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WALKING-MATCH MEDLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Tommy, make room for your aunty,
She's squeezed to death, I fear;
Tommy, make room for your aunty,
Or she'll hand in her checks right here.
You know mamma would see the fun,
If she could get a view—
Oh, let's get out! oh, dear, look out!
Make room for your aunty, do.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys went marching
O'er the tanbark track, o'er and o'er,
And oh! what a glorious sight
To watch them day and night
Crawl up mile and mile upon the score.

Don't get weary, don't get weary, children,
I'm O'Leary, but I'se a-going home;
Don't get weary, don't get weary, children,
I feel queery, and I'se a-going home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Though my backers may grumble, there's no place like home.

Oh, Danny, you've been a bad boy,
For to treat your true love so;
Och! why didn't you catch up to yourself?
Our bets are now no go.

Don't get weary, don't get skeery, comrades;
Don't get weary, cos we're left alone;
Don't get weary, don't get skeery, comrades;
Don't get weary, for we'll go it all alone.

Like the last rose of Summer we're left blooming alone.
Our Leary companion has wilted and gone.

All around my hat I wore a green willow.
All around my hat, all on St. Patrick's Day;
When anybody axed me the reason why I wore it,
I told them cos my true love's belt was gone across the say.

Full down the blind,
Oh! they're unkind!
Somebody's cursing, love,
Back of the blind; so
Full down the blind,
With the change on their mind,
Somebody's cursing, love—
Full down the blind.

Oh! there was a little man,
He was call'd the champion,
And his friends upon him bet their pile, pile, pile,
Sure that on the last day's sweep
Out ahead he'd make the leap,
And so he did, but 'twas with—bile, bile, bile.

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, brave hearts, it bore you on your way;
Hope points before, and shows a bright to-morrow,
Forget, then, those miles you lack'd that day.
So farewell, Rowell! Fairly you have conquer'd,
We won't begrudge the prize you bear away,
Why should we repine at thought of your good fortune
When we agreed "the best man win the day?"

Though his stomach at the start
Was fainter than his heart,
Yet Ennis, plucky boy, made no fuss, fuss, fuss.
He deserved to come out right,
For he walked with main and might,
Though he looked as if he didn't care a cuss, cuss, cuss.

Ho! when 'e cottoned from the start,
Ho! we 'alt it in our 'ert
The match I'would be b'our Rowell's, you know, know, know,

H'and the belt bring 'ome with 'im,
H'and the lion's share of tin—
Crow cook-a-doodle-doo, British, crow, crow, crow!

'E's a darling, 'e's a dauzy,
'E's a blooming boy, 'e's a lamb;
Ow 'e walked away, on that day,
With the Yankee's 'Arriman!

But you've the metal, Harriman,
Our gritty, Yankee man;
The dark horse 'twas said, was you, you, you,
And though Champion's not your name,
You're a bully boy, and game,
And deserve to be cheered by the red, white and blue.

Cheer! boys, cheer! all three of our dear country,
Cheer! boys, cheer! the conqueror, and say:
Cheer! boys, cheer! with heart and hand united,
Cheer! boys, cheer! victory ours some future day.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Shanks was his pony,
He put a feather in his cap,
'Twas picked up by a crony
Yankee Doodle, don't you frown,
Yankee Doodle, dandy;
Some other time you'll win the crown,
And let up on the brandy.

BAMBRINO.

POOR PERDITA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

The life-drama of Mary Robinson—the "Poor Perdita" of the stage—is crowded so full of strange incident, of thrilling adventure, of romantic experience, that one finds it difficult to believe the story. And yet it is a drama of stern fact, and not of ingenious fiction. Let us draw the curtain on some of the scenes of that strange but eventful life, whose brief period was rounded at twenty-six.

The first of these scenes discloses to us a modest house in London, where a Mrs. Darby lives with her only child, a girl of fifteen. The lady is not a widow, albeit she is forced to support herself and daughter by teaching school. Her husband is in America, where he has formed a stronger attachment than he ever felt for his wife. Mary Darby, the daughter, is possessed of remarkable beauty. With a form of exquisite mould, developed far beyond her years, and a face of rare attractiveness, she is openly admired by all who see her. Her complexion is dark, but the rich color in the cheeks gives it a peculiar brilliancy. Every feature is perfect, and in her wondrous eyes slumbers that depth of passion which is destined to be often stirred by the events of her life. There is a languor about this precociously womanly girl—a sensuousness in her every movement which is suggestive of the voluptuous East. It is certainly unlike anything one might expect in the daughter of an English schoolmistress. Mary Darby, even at this early age, has developed many graces of mind as well as person. In spite of the variable fortunes of her parents, she has been carefully educated. In dancing, music, drawing, and many of the other polite accomplishments, she is proficient; while her taste for the stage has already manifested itself in private dramatic recitations. She is introduced to Garrick, and is even on the point of making her debut under that distinguished actor's auspices, when an event occurs which delays the project. This event is nothing less than the marriage of the young beauty. It is not a matter of love with Mary—indeed, she entertains no feeling even of regard for the man who becomes her husband. But she submits to the arrangement for the sake of her mother, who has found that the extraordinary beauty of her child is rather a dangerous thing. And so Mary Darby becomes Mary Robinson.

The scene changes. In a new house in Hatton Garden we find our heroine, a wife at sixteen, living in high style. Robinson, her husband, who is a young law-student, has represented that he is the heir expectant of a rich uncle living in Wales. He is, as a matter of fact, the illegitimate son of this rich gentleman. Believing, however, that his father, who has seen the beautiful Mary, will provide for himself and wife, young Robinson plunges into an extravagant manner of living, which for a time he is able to do on credit. Mary does not particularly concern herself whence the money comes, so long as she is permitted to gratify every desire. In a very short time her extreme beauty attracts the attention of the titled libertines, who make pleasure the business of life. With a never-ending strain of flattery sounding in her ears; with a score of dissolute noblemen tempting her to yield to their wishes; with the excitement and dissipation of fashionable life, possessing for her all the charm of novelty; with a husband whom she neither loves nor respects, and with the passionate blood of youth coursing through her veins—under these circumstances, surely, it would not have been strange if the young wife of sixteen had forgotten her marital vows and entered upon the rosy path of sin. But she assures us in her biography that during this period she remained faithful to her husband. It is charitable to believe her statement. If, however, she stopped short of absolute infidelity, she becomes one of the celebrities of London. Richly dressed, she is seen daily in the parks and fashionable drives, now with one titled suitor, now with another. At night, in the boxes of the theatres, she flashes upon the dazzled eyes of her admirers like a meteor. Lords are honored if she but smiles upon them. She is talked about in the clubs. Libertines lead her weak husband into all kinds of dissipation, and, in the hope of overcoming her own scruples, fling his infidelities in her face. One of the most notorious roues in London makes an unsuccessful attempt to carry her off by force. And all this only adds to her celebrity, and makes men more anxious than ever to form her acquaintance. This career of mad pleasure soon runs its course. Robinson finds it no longer possible to live upon credit or the uncertain prospect of an inheritance. At the end of a year the crash comes. The gorgeous house in Hatton Garden is closed. Greedy creditors seize upon every article of value which the young couple possess. And Mary Robinson, who has flashed upon the gay world of London like a meteor, like a meteor disappears.

Again the scene changes. This time it is in striking contrast to the splendor and extravagance which preceded. A prison shelters the unfortunate Robinson and his young wife. The latter has been driven from the home of her husband's father, and, returning to London, she shows her fidelity to the man whose name she bears by sharing with him the hardships of prison life. Robinson, who is really nothing more than an adventurer, has been arrested for debt. The young wife, now also a mother, takes up her abode within the dreary prison-walls, and there, for nearly ten months, she lives a life of dreary seclusion. The striking change in her condition, and the utter hopelessness of the future, combined to turn her thoughts once more towards the stage. Her husband, who at the time of their marriage had strongly opposed the idea of Mary's becoming an actress, now encouraged her in the project. By a stroke of good fortune Brereton of Drury-lane called upon the Robinsons in prison, and urged the young lady to adopt the profession, for which she seemed admirably adapted. He did more than this, however. Finding that Mary was willing and anxious to take the step he proposed, Brereton brought about a meeting between the young lady and Sheridan. The keen eye of the famous manager and dramatist detected at once the strong points of the unfledged actress. In company with Garrick he listened to her reading of some well-known passages, satisfied himself that she possessed rare talents as well as extraordinary beauty, and forthwith promised to give her the opportunity to appear on the stage of Drury-lane.

Once more the scene changes. This time it shifts to the interior of the famous old theatre which is associated with the triumphs of the most illustrious English actors. Drury-lane is crowded from pit to dome with the wealth and fashion of London. The occasion is the debut of the beautiful Mary Robinson, whose name is still familiar to all the gay world of the metropolis. She appears in the character of Juliet, and from her first entrance on the stage she is greeted with clamorous applause. Whether it is her power as an artist or her beauty as a woman which carries the audience by storm, is a matter of little moment. She carries them, and that is enough. Without any of the weary plodding which others are forced to undergo, Mary Robinson soars at once into the height of popular favor. At one bound she becomes a favorite actress. She makes a tour through the provinces, everywhere achieving success, and returns to London to find herself the rage. Her house is the resort of the most distinguished men of the day. Her toilets are followed as the only correct things in fashion. She is petted and pampered and flattered to a degree that would have turned many an older and wiser head. Her youth, her beauty, her notoriety, her professional standing—all these combine to make her a woman among ten thousand. Meantime, her husband, released from imprisonment, is spending his wife's earnings in riotous living. So long as he is able to gratify his passion for wine, women and the gaming-table, he cares very little what manner of life his wife follows. Thus two seasons pass by, when occurs an event which is destined to change the whole current of our heroine's life. "The Winter's Tale" is announced in accordance with the wishes of royalty, and Mary Robinson is cast for Perdita. Among those who witness the performance is the Prince of Wales. He is dazzled at once by the charms of the beautiful young actress. He pays her open homage by bowing to her from his box, and a day or two later he sends her a note addressed "Perdita," and signed "Florizel." Then follow other messages and protestations of love, until a regular correspondence is established. Still Perdita declines to meet his royal highness, and while receiving and answering his letters she appears nightly on the stage. But the Prince's passion is not of the kind which consumes itself in letter-writing, and Mary Robinson is not the woman who can forever be tempted by royalty itself without yielding. She consents at last to a meeting. She is captivated by the Prince's manners and the graces of his person. That first meeting seals her fate. Soon afterwards she retires from the stage, making her last appearance in the character of Sir Harry Revel in "The Miniature Picture," and as "The Irish Widow." With that last appearance she ceases to be Mary Robinson, and becomes Poor Perdita.

And now the curtain rises on the fifth scene in this life-drama. If Perdita has been a celebrity before, she is more than a celebrity now. Her name appears in print more often, perhaps, than that of any other woman in London. So open have been the attentions of her royal lover that their intimacy is a common topic of conversation, and a thousand scandalous stories are set afloat, prompted in part by malice and in part by jealousy. "I found it was too late," Perdita herself tells us, "to stop the augmenting torrent of abuse that was poured upon me from all quarters. Whenever I appeared in public I was overwhelmed by the gazing of the multitude. I was frequently obliged to quit Ranelagh, owing to the crowd which staring curiosity had assembled round my box; and even in the streets of the metropolis I scarcely ventured to enter a shop without experiencing the greatest inconvenience. Many hours have I waited until the crowd had dispersed which surrounded my carriage in expectation of my quitting the shop. But, thank Heaven, my heart was not framed in the mould of callous effrontery. I shuddered at the gulf before me, and felt small gratification in the knowledge of having taken a step which many who condemned would have been no less willing to imitate, had they been placed in the same situation." For a time, in spite of these unpleasant circumstances which she describes, Perdita is happy in the mad love she bears the Prince, and in the devoted attention he pays her. She must have known, however, that their relations could not be long continued, and it was, indeed, with cruel suddenness that she was awakened to a full consciousness of her condition. The short, sharp missive came: "We must meet no more." That was all that his royal highness deigned to say, and if it sufficed for him it must needs suffice for Perdita. It must be admitted that the Prince of Wales' conduct in this affair was anything but princely. From all accounts it appears that his overtures to the fair actress were long continued and persistent, and that his promises were of a most magnanimous nature; yet when she had abandoned her profession and yielded to his wishes, he was ready enough to sacrifice her for the advancement of his own ends. Through the intercession of friends, Perdita was to receive a small annuity from the Prince; but this was granted so grudgingly that it came rather as an insult than a favor.

Yet again the scene changes. Poor Perdita has assumed the character of a heroine who has suffered—of a woman with a history. She spends much of her time in writing amazingly insipid verses deploring her own wretched condition. Everybody speaks of her as what she has been, not as what she is. Her husband has cast her off altogether. Her former admirers regard her with a certain sort of pity which is not very far removed from contempt. She leaves England and betakes herself to the Continent. She is still young and still superbly beautiful, but the star of her destiny is set. It were charitable not to enter too minutely into this part of her career. She has lovers enough at her train, and forms many associations of a doubtful character. She grows desperate, and finds but little pleasure in the pursuits which she follows. She has become, in truth, Poor Perdita.

For the last time the scene changes. Stricken by an incurable malady which makes her little better than a cripple, the once beautiful Mary Robinson waits the coming of that grim guest who shall release her from her sufferings. This strange child of circumstance looks back upon her short life, crowded with events, and finds little on which she can dwell with satisfaction. The precocious girl of wondrous beauty; the unwilling bride of sixteen; the petted darling of fashion and aristocracy; the protegee of Garrick and Sheridan; the bright star and popular favorite of the stage; the rage of London society; the envied consort of the Prince of Wales—all these things she has been, and all within the brief period of seven years. But mingled with the memory of her triumphs is the wormwood of ultimate failure—the unsatisfied yearning of a soul that feels it has never risen to its rightful place. Death is slow in his coming, and two weary years of physical pain drag themselves out before the curtain is at last rung down upon Poor Perdita. Through this long lapse of years one may look back with eyes that are blind to the faults and open only to the virtues of Mary Robinson.

PAINTING THE POKER RED-HOT.

The man who in his boyhood never laughed over a pantomime must find his memory barren to a pitiable degree. No other form of entertainment takes so strong a hold on the youthful affections, and none, surely, leaves a more lasting impression. The amazing agility of Harlequin, the supple grace of Columbine, the good-natured stupidity of Pantaloon, and, above all, the laughable antics of Clown, are things which every youngster keenly appreciates and fondly remembers. And we may feel assured that a performance which in all ages and all countries meets with the honest approval of children is, in itself, wholesome and excellent. They are the best critics whose eyes have not grown dull through too long looking for flaw—who accept things for what they seem, and believe all the glitter to be genuine gold. Our engraving this week gives us a hint of how the gold is sometimes produced. Here we have the merry Clown painting the poker red-hot, and doing it with an air of gayety hardly in keeping with his character. His little daughter, arrayed as a diminutive queen of fairies, watches the operation with smiling face. Perhaps she is thinking of the roars of laughter which will greet her father when he applies the poker to the person of the unsuspecting and unfortunate Pantaloon. It will be really hot, and not simply painted, to the minds of the spectators. Obviously, our Clown is playing in some small country theatre where the stage accommodations are not of the most approved order. Probably it is no theatre at all, but only a town hall, or the loft of some capacious barn. We may assume that the company is a small one, and that the chief performers are compelled to prepare their own properties, or even sometimes to paint their own scenes. And yet there is a charm about these unpretentious shows which city theatres never possess. The true romance of the stage is found in the strolling players, whose Bohemian existence is crowded with adventure, and whose checkered life has often more than its share of shadow. The merriment of every Clown is now no more real than the red heat of the poker, but it will serve its purpose equally as well.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

ELECTRIC EEL, Saco.—"To settle a dispute, will you please to punctuate the following sentence, first as it is written? 'When we arrived at the store we found that the large stock of drugs and medicines and chemicals and fancy goods and tobacco and stationery had been surreptitiously taken away.'"..... It is punctuated correctly above. 2. A comma were placed after "store" and before every "and," it would also be correct. One style is open punctuation, and the other is close. It would also be correct to place a comma after "chemicals" and another after "stationery," thus grouping the drugs, medicines and chemicals as articles that affiliate, and fancy goods, tobacco and stationery as articles that may be viewed conjunctively as miscellaneous. Punctuation is more a matter of style or nice taste than of rule. It is also often necessary to violate taste, style or rule in order to emphasize some words and to indicate that certain others are designed by the writer to have a meaning that, but for the punctuation-mark, might escape the ordinary reader.

W. W., Indianapolis.—We are not answering questions in this column on the strength of what "every boy ten years of age in Germany will tell us," viz., that "gunpowder was invented in the year 1860 by Berthold Schwarz, of Germany." We know what we were about when we stated that it is not known "when, where, or by whom gunpowder was invented." Berthold, or Michael Schwartz, to whom Germans attribute its invention, was dead three hundred years or more before 1860, in his "De Nullitate Magiæ." Roger Bacon, who died almost before Schwartz was born, or before 1300, described the composition of gunpowder. It is believed that centuries before that gunpowder was in use among the Hindoos and the Chinese.

C. L. D., Chicago.—1. Because it is the highest card in the game about to be played. Your argument that ace is always the highest card, is not high until it is trump, is upset by the fact that two out of the four aces cannot be high, because more seven-spot will beat them. 2. If that journal now says that ace is highest in cutting for deal at euchre, it conflicts with its previous decisions, which are based upon the non-common sense doctrine that low wins the deal at almost every game of cards, that if wins it at euchre, and that in cutting for deal at euchre the ace is low, and the king high.

W. FINE, Brooklyn.—Is the first contest for the Astley belt W. Smith was ahead at the end of the first and second hours, Corkey from the third to the eleventh hour, inclusive, O'Leary at the end of the twelfth hour, Corkey up to the end of the twenty second, O'Leary to the thirty-eighth, and Corkey up to the forty-first hour. The latter ended after covering 174 miles 5 laps, when O'Leary assumed command (at 6h. 55m. 10s. P. M. on the second day), had done 192 5-9 miles to Corkey's 155 4-8 miles at 11 o'clock, and was never afterwards headed.

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NEW HAVEN.—We cannot inform you as to "the greatest number of persons who ever were in Agricultural Hall, London, at one time."

M. D.—Yes, provided no fraudulent representations were made to induce you to bet. You probably had the same facilities for knowing the truth as he did.

O. E. M. A. WOOD, Ex-Sergeant, Enola P. O.—Received. We can't see why there should be any dispute about the extra laps, as they have no bearing on the matter.

CHAS. NEWELL, San Francisco.—1. They do not practice the game. 2. Cannot say. Several parties claim the honor.

N. G. C., Louisville.—The only way is to see some manager in person and try and get an engagement to play skittles. Try Chesbrough, Sr.

KING'S COUNTY, Brooklyn.—The man who bet on O'Leary loses. His withdrawal was not the result of accident.

M. S.—The man who came in behind lost. His opponent should not be made to suffer for a mistake made by himself.

CHAS. SCHENCK.—Rowell, in order to come into permanent possession of the Astley Belt, must win it twice more in succession.

J. L., Washington.—The man who bet that O'Leary would be first or second in the race at Gilmore's last week lost his money.

H. KING, Denver.—The Australian cricketers were not beaten in any city of the States or Canada during their trip. They had a drawn game in Philadelphia.

ANXIETY, Boston.—The letter is still here. When we last heard from him, some months ago, he was in San Francisco, Cal.

J. G. W., Taylorville.—You know better than we do whether it is to your interest to go or stay.

W. A. C., Saratoga.—Will endeavor to give you the information next week.

C. C. B., Lexington.—No answers by mail. Write to L. H. Seavey, No. 8 Lafayette place, this city.

BADGER.—Items will be thankfully received, and used when we have not later intelligence.

F. H., New Orleans.—To another theatre in this city. He has not shot himself.

W. C. T., Syracuse.—We prefer not to give advice upon such a matter. Consult a lawyer.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—She never acted in the Bowery Theatre.

SODA AND BRANDY, Salt Lake.—The five dice should be thrown out by one movement of the box.

FRED H. HATTA, Sterling.—The building has stood for years, and has been used for various entertainments.

J. J. ISAACS, Montreal.—The Englishman wins. See answer to M. D.

C. T. TRENT, St. Louis.—An advertisement of that size—30 lines—will cost $3 for each insertion.

E. P. C., Central City.—Some music-dealer in San Francisco, Cal., may have them.

C. C. B., Hutchinson.—Write to the National Printing Company, Chicago, Ill. We do not deal in them.

GUS RABBITT, Toledo.—Your advertisement will cost $3 for each insertion.

A. L. S., Providence.—They will be sent. It takes some little time to prepare them.

R. S. W., Rochester.—Routes ahead of all companies are desirable.

PRESBYTERIAN.—O'Leary's score when he won the Astley Belt in London was 525½ miles.

HACKENSIDE.—You lose, as Rowell won by only twenty-five miles.

SMITH AND LONG.—J. Downey was credited with having done 176 miles. We know of none other in this country as good.

J. W. TREW.—1. It is sent regularly. Will send you another. 2. He is in New York City.

R. R.—Price and Kelly fought for $2,000 at Point Abino, Canada, in the past few years.

PINOCHLE, Lancaster.—There is no fixed way of playing that special point in a four-handed game.

R. J. H., Cleveland.—Yes; Higham caught for the Syracuse Stars in 1878.

A. B. B., London, Canada.—The Australians were badly defeated.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington, D. C.—A "ringer" at quoits counts nothing unless it be the nearest quoit to the hub.

C. W., Canada.—Traveling in the West. Letters addressed in care of this office will reach them.

J. C. M., Boston.—It was published in THE CLIPPER dated Nov. 17, 1877.

F. B. H., Canada.—1. It was published in THE CLIPPER dated Sept. 22, 1877. 2. Cannot say.

MAJOR H. T.—We do not beat four deuces at poker—New Orleans, La., March 15.

READER, Dallas.—There is no work of that kind published.

63 CLINTON PLACE.—By the time a letter would reach Germany, he will probably be in Breslau, Silesia.

A BARTENDER, Jersey City.—The man who bet on O'Leary winning loses his money.

CHAS. F. ADAMS, Brooklyn.—We cannot publish a challenge issued in Rochester and signed by a money deposit.

L. A. C., Southbridge.—Of course a professional runner can enter in a go-as-you-please contest. Rowell is a runner.

LOUIS LIPMAN, Waverly.—We never heard of a person of that name being a professional in a prize fight.

S. S. WOOD, Norwich.—A forfeit must be posted with all challenges before they can appear in our columns.

FRANK IRVING, Troy.—See time-tables in THE CLIPPER.

E. M., Cincinnati.—Yes.

T. P., Chicago.—Low Jack wins, no matter when Henry made his nigh-game.

J. P. S., St. Louis.—A turned-up jack counts at seven up, even if the cards run out.

LOS ANGELES.—He cannot raise his own build from "seven" to "ten" under any circumstances.

G. C. S., Houston.—C could not go alone on a trump made by B.

READER, Cincinnati.—English pugdogs are not bred here; they are imported.

CONSTANT READER.—We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

A READER.—The figures required to express a billion are 1,000,000,000, and also 1,000,000,000,000.

M. J. B., Clinton Hook.—If H needed but two and made high jack, and B needed but one and made low, H loses.

A. B., Holyoke.—George L. Fox died in Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 24, 1877.

W. F. H., Hilton.—Heavy for walkers, light for runners.

A. M. S., Minneapolis.—It arrived all right last Monday.

J. K., Troy.—No answers as to circulation of newspapers.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburg.—It is the identical lady.

NOCULLOCH.—Prince of Wales was born in 1841.

ORREN MESERVE, Lawrence.—See report in this issue.

J. G., Brooklyn.—Four fours and a seven count 24.

JOSHUA W. CROSBY.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

POOR BUT HONEST.—Had Danvers had 2 with on high and low.

A. D. THOMPSON.—Sorry we cannot oblige you.

C. T. P., Martinsburg.—We do not require it.

G. S., Chester.—We do not require one there.

TUTLOW.—We do not care to express his own bodkin.

LOUIS, Newark.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. J. COX, Elizabeth.—An Englishman.

L. L. S.—Yes. See answer to W. PINE.

SALTER, Mayfield.—Will be sent next week.

H. M. S., Marlboro.—Cannot say.

R. S., Williamsport.—Yes.

A COMPLETED VOLUME.

With the current issue THE NEW YORK CLIPPER completes its twenty-sixth volume. So familiar are the distinctive features of this journal—so widely known are its purposes, its aims and its methods—that anything more than a passing reference to the completed volume might seem unnecessary. Still, in bringing to a close this twenty-sixth year of uninterrupted labor, we may be pardoned for expressing the hope that our efforts to make THE CLIPPER more worthy than ever before of the generous support it receives have not proved wholly unsuccessful. Within the twelvemonth passed many important events have taken place in the sporting world, all of which have been fully and impartially reported in these columns. Recalling the more noteworthy of these, it strikes us that the volume which closes with this number is unusually rich in its record of interesting performances. The year gave us Rarus' remarkable exhibition of speed at Buffalo, wherein the best-recorded trotting time was reduced by three-fourths of a second; the Hanlan-Courtney rowing-match, which, if reflecting no particular credit upon the contestants, was still remarkable in more ways than one; the victory of Bogardus in the international pigeon-shooting; an increased interest in baseball, and the assured permanence of the then International Association, which proved itself abundantly able to cope with the League; a billiard tournament, which, in the estimation of those who judge of the game only by the number of points made, was regarded as exceptionally brilliant; and last, crowding the year to its utmost limits, the pedestrian contest in this city for the Astley belt, which, considered from any point of view, must stand as one of the most noteworthy events of its kind in sporting chronicles. These, and many others that might be mentioned, have found thorough treatment in the closing volume. With regard to THE CLIPPER'S new voyage, we may have something to say next week. Meantime, we lay down the pen with a sense of gratitude for the continued prosperity which attends our staunch good craft.

THE GREAT WALK-AROUND

which came to pass last week just paralyzed the metropolis as it has not been paralyzed since the ever-memorable fistic struggle between Heenan and Sayers, at Farnborough, England, in 1860. At that time the Old World and the New were alike interested in the solution of the problem as to which nation was entitled to the honors of the championship of the Prize Ring. For weeks before and after the gladiatorial meeting very little was talked of but the pugilistic set-to between the representatives of England and America, and

"Men fought who never fought before,
And those who always fought these fought the more."

The fight was the topic of conversation among all classes, high and low, rich and poor, even ministers of the gospel making reference to it in their discourses in the pulpit. Had Brother Talmage been in good form in those days, and had charge of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, as he has now, he would have made Rome howl in the cause of Heenan and his right to the world's championship. How things have changed since then! Then it was all about the manly art that we talked. Now it is the noble science of walking that engrosses public attention. Everybody is on the walk. Horses are at a discount, as is the stock of elevated and other railroads. Women give up talking and take to walking; and this, you will admit, is something rare in the history of New York! The small boy, when sent on an errand, no longer lingers by the wayside to play top or marbles, but goes on the even tenor of his way, and endeavors to make his seven miles an hour without a rest. Lovers no longer walk along the streets as if they were sick and longed for rest, but start off at a ten-mile-an-hour gait, and pass ice-cream and oyster-saloons without so much as a glance at such resorts. *Everybody* is on it! Business was almost at a standstill while the walkers were struggling for the lead in Gilmore's Garden. On their way downtown in the early hours of the day, merchants and lawyers and brokers looked in to see how the boys were getting along, and to ascertain who was ahead. On their way home in the evening they took another look, in order that they might ease the minds of their families concerning the pedestrians and their respective chances of success. Hotels suffered like anything, for their guests gave up their keys and ate and lodged in Gilmore's Garden. The theatres were also among the sufferers, the only people who were turned away being those who sought admission to witness the long walk. We are glad it's over. Had it continued another week, there is no telling what distress and suffering it might have caused us.

A CHURCH CHORISTER, who has been sailing in the good ship "Pinafore," informs us that old sailors like "plenty of water on the bar," but old topers don't.

THE "LAPS" OF TIME—those made by the walkers in the International Match.

CLAIMS TO AUTHORSHIP.

THE CLIPPER a few weeks ago recorded the death of Alexander M. W. Ball of Newark, N. J., who gained a certain sort of notoriety some years ago by his claim to the authorship of the poem "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." Mr. Ball appears to have been an eminently respectable gentleman, whose delusion, in the matter of the verses in question, would seem singularly strange if the case was an isolated one. Inasmuch, however, as a great many estimable persons have labored under similar delusions, Mr. Ball's claim is to be regarded as remarkable only in the positiveness with which it was asserted, and the persistency with which it was maintained.

The verses bearing the title "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," were written by Mrs. Akers (Florence Percy). Commonplace as they are, they attained to considerable popularity, and were very widely copied at the time of their original publication. Mr. Ball, a Newark merchant with a penchant for poetry and a lame Pegasus of his own, which he occasionally straddled, upon reading Mrs. Akers' lines became convinced, first, that he could have written them himself; secondly, that he ought to have written them; and finally, that he *did* write them. There was really nothing remarkable in this process of reasoning. Mr. Ball was perfectly honest, and by permitting his mind to continually dwell upon the subject he brought himself into the full belief that he had written the poem and that Mrs. Akers had stolen it. He found friends to testify that years before the publication of Florence Percy's lines he had read to them some manuscript verses in which occurred the words "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." These friends could not be expected to remember the whole of Mr. Ball's composition, but they were positive about the refrain. So the Newark merchant was strengthened in his own conviction, and published pamphlets to prove that Mrs. Akers was a plagiarist. That he had really used the words "Rock me to sleep, mother," in a song of his own, there is no reason to doubt; but that he was the author of the poem ascribed to Mrs. Akers was simply a harmless delusion. As we have said, Mr. Ball's case is by no means without a parallel. The manifold and often amusing claims put forth with regard to the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" are familiar to everybody. Who ever actually wrote it must have been more thoroughly surprised than anybody else, not only at these claims, but at the success which the piece achieved. For it must be confessed that "Beautiful Snow" is of exceedingly cheap texture and flabby construction. Before us lies a volume of verses published by Carleton of this city, and written, according to the title-page, by N. S. Emerson. Included in the contents is Will Carleton's ballad of "Betsey and I are Out," which N. S. Emerson no doubt believes that he (or she?) could have written. We are quite willing to believe that N. S. Emerson, or almost anybody else, could have done this work, but it so happens that it was done by Mr. Carleton, who alone should be held responsible therefor. At the present moment we have in mind at least six poems which originally appeared in THE CLIPPER, and which have at different times been printed in numerous periodicals under various names. Some of these have even crossed the ocean, and found their way into English magazines as original contributions. Were it worth the while to call the attention of the authors to this appropriation of their property, we might put them in the way of securing notoriety, if not fame, at a very cheap price. The noteworthy thing about this duplicate-authorship business is that the unknown claimants invariably wrangle over a piece of literary work which is, at best, inferior in quality. The piece must be popular, else there would be no incentive to claim it; but it must also be of a character which the average reader believes he could have produced himself. Nobody, we take it, has ever laid claim to Byron's "Isles of Greece," or Gray's "Elegy," or Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," or Poe's "Raven." Even the vanity of the unappreciated poet will not pull itself up to that degree necessary to assume the authorship of such masterpieces.

The delusion under which the late Mr. Ball labored has seized upon many persons with regard to successful plays. Indeed, it may be said that in this kind of work more false claims are set up than in any other. Perhaps the rivalries of playwrights are more bitter than those of other authors; perhaps the too-common practice of drawing upon foreign dramatists for plot and incident has led disappointed writers to believe that nothing produced on the American stage is original, and that, as there has been stealing somewhere, the guilty one has filched from them; or perhaps, where two playwrights take their material from one and the same source, it is natural for each to accuse the other of plagiarism. Let the honest dramatist, however, be of good cheer. The last thing in the world about which he need concern himself is the claim which others may set up to his work. If he writes a good play, the public will not only discover the fact, but it will award all honor to whom honor is due.

On the Tramp.

"Walk, walk, walk, with eyelids heavy and dim,
Walk, walk, walk, while the head and the senses swim;
For it's oh, for an hour of sleep, for a moment free from pain;
Coursing this almost endless round for a prize that I may not gain."

AS THE INDOMITABLE little English pedestrian has gone away with the champion belt, we shall look to Hanlan the sculler to retrieve our lost laurels by defeating the best of England's oarsmen, and winning the aquatic championship of the world.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT was "given away" on the 13th by some of his coparceners in the conspiracy. Can naught be done to prevent a repetition of such breaches of confidence?

WAITERS should always bring *entrees* on trays!

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARMBRUSTER, Dr. Carl—Formerly chief librarian of the Royal Library at Leipsig, Saxony, and son of a very celebrated bookseller in Vienna. He had been a resident in this country for the past fifteen years, making a precarious living by obtaining antiquated editions of rare works from abroad for sale here—Hoboken, N. J., March 15, aged 60.

ALSTON, Colonel Robert A.—A prominent politician of Georgia and a member of the State Legislature, who was killed in a personal encounter by Edward Cox, the latter he ng severely if not fatally wounded. It is said of Alston that he had a premonition that he would die suddenly by the bullet in a personal encounter, as had his father and uncle before him—Atlanta, Ga., March 11.

ARENKE, Rev. Honorious—A member of the Order of St. Francis, who during the Franco-Prussian War had volunteered to go to Paris and nurse the wounded—Joliet, Ill., March 9, aged 29.

ALLEN, Captain Sam—An old resident of Chicago, Ill., who was long identified with the lumber-carrying trade in particular and lake navigation in general—there, March 12, aged 58.

BONTE, Albert P. C—A prominent citizen of Cincinnati, O., and the head of one of the largest picture-frame factories in the West. He introduced improved machinery in this factory, and built a shop which extended from Main to California, while it employed nearly two hundred skilled laborers—Cincinnati, O., March 12, aged 52.

BIRGE, Horace—A life-long resident of Windsor Locks, Ct., who had cultivated the farm on which he had been born, and by industry and economy had made an estate originally worth about $250 worth now, it is estimated, over $100,000—there, March 7, aged 94.

BIDDLE, Clement—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa. He studied law with his uncle, Henry J. Williams, previous death is elsewhere mentioned, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced, devoting his life to literary pursuits—there, March 16, aged 69.

BIGELOW, Mrs Lucy—An active worker in temperance, anti-slavery and social reform—Davidsburg, Mich., recently, aged 78.

BROWNELL, Dr. Moses—Once a prominent physician of this State, where he had practiced medicine for more than half a century—Brooklyn, N. Y., March 11, aged 90.

BARBITT, Calvin—A resident of Cincinnati, O., for more than half a century—there, March 6, aged 70.

BARIATINSKY, Prince—A Russian Field-marshal—Geneva, March 10.

BURT, Wm. S.—A prominent and wealthy resident of Petersburg, Va.—there, March 8, aged 73.

CONNOLLY, Mrs. Richard B.—The wife of ex-Comptroller Connolly and the daughter of John Townsend, a wealthy drygoods merchant of this city. Mrs. Connolly became very popular while her husband was in the height of his political career, and was a leader in their religious and charitable societies in this city—Switzerland, March 13, aged 60.

CLIFFORD, Professor W. K.—A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng., in 1867, being Second Wrangler. Not long afterwards he was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London—London, Eng., mail advices received March 17, aged 34.

CAIN, Captain Avery B.—Brevet-major, commanding Company D, Fourth Infantry, stationed at Fort Laramie He died suddenly of cerebral apoplexy—there, March 16.

CARTER, Robert—One of the oldest engineers in the employ of the Reading Railroad Company—Philadelphia, Pa., March 8, aged 62.

COWELL, Joseph M.—Formerly a well-known merchant and afterwards a prominent politician of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, March 13, aged 65.

CARROLL, Thomas—A prominent citizen of Baltimore, Md.—there, March 14, aged 70.

COYLE, Patrick—A centenarian—Cannelton, Ill., March 4, aged 104.

CROMWELL, George E.—A prominent resident of Norfolk, Va.—there, March 16.

CLINTON, Mrs.—A centenarian, who, until quite recently, had good health and was possessed of all her mental faculties—Bloomington, Ill., March 8, aged 101.

CLARKE, W. B.—A prominent merchant and manufacturer of Smith Brook, Ct.—there, March 11.

DEVEREUX, Walter—A well-known dealer in Masonic goods, and a prominent Mason of this city—here, March 8, aged 42.

DOWELL, John H.—A leading cotton factor, and president of the St. Louis Cotton Exchange—St. Louis, Mo., March 12.

ELMENDORF, George—A highly-respected citizen of Kingston, N. Y.—there, March 11.

EARL, Samuel—A veteran of the War of 1812—Newark, N. J., March 11, aged 89.

GUILFOYLE, John—A leading builder of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a prominent local politician—there, March 10, aged 45.

GILLON, Martin—The pioneer merchant of Ironton, O.—there, March 14, aged 67.

GRAFF, Hamilton—A well-known resident of Freeport, Pa., and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature—Freeport, Pa., March 13.

GEISSLER, Dr. Heinrich—His name is known to all scientific men in connection with the glass tubes which bear his name. Born in Germany in 1814, he commenced life as a wandering glass-blower, and attained a degree of perfection before his apprenticeship. He settled permanently at Bonn, where he established a instrument-shop, and attained a wonderful insight into experimental and theoretical science. His apparatus was of the most delicate construction, and facilitated many important discoveries. He was the inventor of a new mercurial pump and the normal barometer—Bonn, Germany, recently, aged 65.

GORDON, John D—A member of one of the leading banking firms of Norfolk, Va.—there, March 7.

HARDER, Edgar B.—An old citizen of Baltimore, Md., who had served in the War of 1812. He had held various minor offices, being about ten years ago appointed a justice of the peace, a position he held until his death—there, March 10, aged 82.

HATCH, Dana—An old and highly respected resident of Bridgeport, Ct., where he had been a prominent banker for many years—there, March 14, aged 76.

HIBBY, L. J.—A leading merchant of New Orleans, La., where he was proprietor of the grain elevator—there, March 13.

HAMMER, Rev. George H.—Formerly a clergyman in Philadelphia, Pa.—Des Moines, Ia., March 8.

HART, Henry—An old and well-known citizen of Cincinnati, O.—there, March 7, aged 70.

HAND, Dr. S. D.—A prominent physician of Bingham ton, N. Y., and a leading supporter while at the railway station there. He once taught school, and ex-Governor Tilden was one of his pupils—Binghamton, N. Y., March 10, aged 73.

HORTH, Frederick—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, where, in his early days, he was a prominent builder—there, March 14, aged 68.

HOWLIN, Rev. ——A respected Methodist preacher of Westchester, Del.—there, March 15, aged 54.

JOHNSON, Andrew—Son of the late ex-President—Union Depot, Tenn., March 13.

JONES, Ellison—One of the oldest fire-engine builders in the country. Mr. Jeffers commenced building hand fire-engines in 1824, and continued successfully in this business until 1857, when he turned his attention to building steam fire-engines—Pawtuxet, R. I., March 6, aged 79.

JONES, Hilleard A.—Farmer of Covington, KY., and for many years a member of the Stock Exchange in Cincinnati, O.—Covington, Ky., March 12 aged 78.

KEVINSKI, Vincent—A native of Poland, who had entered the Russian service in lieu of a brother who had been drafted, and who had served in the wars against Napoleon, was wounded at Austerlitz, and subsequently served against the Turks. He came to the United States in 1838—Lancaster, Pa., March 12, aged 90.

KNIGHT, J. S.—The secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., for several years—there, March 10.

KORTE, Frederick—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md., where he was for many years a restaurant keeper. He was a German by birth and a member of several benevolent societies—there, March 14, aged 42.

KING, Wm.—One of the oldest residents of Chicago, Ill.—there, March 8, aged 90.

LANGHORNE, Col. James—A well-known citizen of Lynchburg, Va.—there, March 9.

LOBBY, Charles L.—A prominent lawyer of Lynchburg, Va.—there, March 13, aged 72.

MURPHY, Tarleton—A soldier in the War of 1812—Ridgeway, S. C., recently, aged 93.

along, and when they passed Ennis' quarters, the latter, who had been resting, came out; and walking briskly up, took Harriman's other arm. Thus with arms locked they made nearly two laps, the incident creating the wildest enthusiasm, and having its intended good effect upon Harriman; but as it was a violation of the terms of the competition, which required that the men go without assistance, the contestants were penalized two laps thereter. On the last lap of his 450th mile Harriman was the recipient of a magnificent floral pillow, as Rowell had been just before, and as Ennis was immediately afterwards. Harriman's completion of the 450 miles was the signal of a tremendous roar from the vast multitude, which scarcely grew less at any time during the three laps and last 140 yards which he subsequently walked previous to quitting the track finally, his time for the distance being 1390. 46m. 40s. After Ennis ran his score up to 470 miles, it was thought that he would stop, as both his opponents had left the Garden; but, as money had been bet that he would cover 475 miles, and he had an interest in the same, he concluded to continue, which he did, greeted at every step with cheers and yells of the excited throng, and, when 474 miles had been walked, he started on a run, and covered the last mile in the astonishing good time, as the fag-end of so long a race, of 6m. 55s. His total time was 14th. 57m., the time of day when he stopped being 9h. 57m. P. M. Upon leaving the Garden, which he did quietly by the Fourth-avenue entrance, Rowell proceeded to the Ashland House, two blocks below, on foot, well bundled up in a huge ulster: Harriman was carried from the enclosure on a stretcher, placed in a carriage in waiting, and conveyed to the St. James Hotel; and Ennis, who was by long odds the fresher, best-conditioned man of the three, crossed Fourth avenue to the less pretentious Putnam House, followed by a yelling crowd. Rowell and Harriman were put to bed as soon as possible after reaching their rooms, and very few persons were permitted to bother them; but Ennis saw and conversed with a number of friends, and did not require much attention at the hands of his trainers. The table which we present below gives the distances made by each contestant every hour:

	First. ROWELL.		Second. O'LEARY.		Third. ENNIS.		Fourth HARRIMAN	
Hours.	*Miles.*	*Yds*	*Miles.*	*Yds*	*Miles.*	*Yds*	*Miles.*	*Yds.*
1	6	1,650	6	465	6	220	5	960
			O'LEARY		ENNIS.			
2	13	350	12	700	11	1,430	10	1,490
3	18	1,320	18	30	17	880	15	1,250
4	24	1,100	22	1,540	22	1,100	20	1,070
			O'LEARY		ENNIS			
5	30	160	27	710	26	990	25	1,370
6	35	710	31	496	31	1,320	30	1,430
					HARRIMAN		ENNIS.	
7	41	290	36	290	36	1,320	32	30
8	46	640	41	420	41	1,320	37	1,370
9	50	1,370	46	1,540	44	880	40	1,430
10	55	1,320	50	1,540	47	45	45	660
11	60	220	55	220	52	660	48	200
12	64	110	59	165	56	1,705	51	1,165
13	68	1,760	63	1,650	61	1,320	53	1,730
14	73	1,540	67	1,540	65	660	59	440
15	78	260	71	1,320	70	110	62	220
			HARRIMAN		O'LEARY.			
16	83	100	74	1,280	73	980	66	810
17	87	1,800	78	1,140	77	520	71	1,080
18	92	1,000	82	440	81	760	73	
19	97	220	86		84	1,100	76	1,540
20	100	220	90		87	1,320	82	100
21	104	880	94	320	91	220	83	
22	108	1,470	97	1,420	93	1,430	91	1,740
23	110		100		93	1,430	95	395
24					96	200		
25					96	200		
26	113	1,054	103	1,490	100	395		
27	118	1,550	108	1,320	101			
28	123	1,758	113	880	103	1,100	98	560
29	127	1,740	116	1,250	106	1,540	102	1,130
30	132	225	119	1,554	108	880	106	
31	134	35	124	240	111	1	109	245
32	139	1,574	128	693	114	695	114	85
					ENNIS.		O'LEARY.	
33	143	1,760	130	600	119	240	116	440
34	146	550	135	15	120	112	119	150
35	149	305	139	374	126	455	122	880
36	153	199	142	1,615	130	660	126	610
37	157	810	146	980	130	878	129	990
38	162	315	151	565	135	970	132	1,100
39	167	294	155	1,200	139	1,650	136	1,560
40	172	640	156	685	144	1,050	141	220
41	177	1,060	162	1,408	148	1,320	143	1,320
42	180		167	275	153	1,270	147	1,210
43			70	795	157	1,320	150	730
44			174	1,110	162	1,060	153	7
45	187	220	178	1,740	165		157	1,100
46	187	1,300	181	1,740	167	880	161	
47	192	288	185	1,155	171	220		
48	197	60	186	660	173	1,610	164	1,340
49	200	60			175	30	167	1,540
50	203	1,355					172	1,100
51	205	740	188	747	177	700	176	660
52	209	1,320	193	1,340	182		178	940
53	214	680	198	680	186	940	182	1,100
54	219	930	200	1,100	191	660	186	660
55	219	1,440	204	755	194	1,340	188	980
56	225		209	523	199	880	192	1,100
57	231		213	1,540	204	50	197	
58	233		218	660	204	880	200	1,100
59	236	880	222	1,540	209	50	203	1,550
60	237	1,100	226	1,320	213	750	207	740
61	243	270	230	1,140	218		211	270
62	247		235		221	930	215	
63	250	660	238		223	880	215	1,100
64			243	991	228	660		
65	258	209	245	136	233	1,630		
66	258	880	248	825	235	30	215	1,330
67	263	1,705	253	860	238	680		
68	267	55	257	605	241	980		Retired.
69	270	880	260	1,100	244	880		
70	275	935	263	880	246	880		
71	280	1,320	267	1,320	250	30		
72	283	1,060	270	150				
73								
74								
75								
76	288	275	274	275	256	165		
77	291		278		261	220		
78	295	1,680	275		265	985		
79	298	360	279	490	270	1,650		
80	303	220	283	1,320	274	1,320		
81	308	1,290	287	720	281	660		
82	313	1,625	290	1,265	286	98		
83	317	880	293	750	290	35		
84	322	1,540	297	1,540	294	440		
85	323	1,080	300	159	294	440		
86	328	660	304	680	299	660		
87	332	220	307	370	304	420		
88	337	1,320	312	1,140	309	1,320		
89	339	350	314	420	314	20		
			ENNIS		HARRIMAN			
90	344	1,250	316	1,740	315	150		
91	350	200	321	1,060	318	1,620		
92			325	1,540				
93			330	400				
94	352		334	908	320	16		
95	357	150	335	80	324	20		
96	360	200			326	150		
97								
98					325	420		
99			338	670	329	940		
100	364	1,080	339	1,100	332	640		
101	369	1,370	343	1,660	336	905		
102	374	108	348	1,320	339	960		
103	378	1,400	352	880	342	150		
104	382		357	440				
105	385		357	660	345	880		
106	387	1,540	360	660	348	1,540		
107	393		364	1,320	354	440		
108	397		369	1,100	358			
109	400		371	1,320	358	880		
110	401	220	376		363	1,540		
111	405	660	380		364	880		
112	409	1,100			368	1,320		
113	410	1,100	383	1,320	372	220		
114	414	1,100	387	1,540	373	440		
115	420		392	1,100	376	880		
116	422	220	396	1,100	380	1,320		
117	425	660	400	220	383			
118					387	440		
119					390			
120	427	1,540	405	1,100				
121	432		410	220	392	220		
122	435	1,540	412	1,320	396	440		
123	441	660	417	440	400			
124	444		420	220	402	1,320		
125	445	1,100	422	880	406	440		
126	449	1,320	426	1,320	410			
127	453	1,100	430					
128	456	660	433	440	413	1,540		
129	459	1,100	437	220	415			
130	463	1,100	440		420			
131	467	881	443	880	423	1,540		
132	471	660	448	1,100	427	1,320		
133	475		450		430	440		
134	475	1,540			432	1,540		
135	480	220	453	440	436	1,540		
136	484	220	457	880	440			
137	488		460					
138	492		467	1,100	442	1,540		
139	496		465	1,540	446	1,540		
140	500	180	470		450	660		
141			475					

* Denotes resting.

A cablegram received from Sir John Astley on the 16th states that E. P. Weston has challenged Rowell, and that the contest will take place in London May 5. This seems rather curious, and one would naturally think that the winner would be willing to accept a challenge to run for the next time of competing, especially as the conditions give him that privilege. Still, we presume Sir John and Rowell understand each other, and it may be accepted as a fact that it is Rowell's wish to undertake to participate in the next contest he will have to be in London at the time stated. John, like most others, has arrived at the conclusion that runners have all the advantage over walkers in long distance as well as short-distance events, and if he has another try he will prepare himself to do a great deal of running, and we would advise all others to follow his example.

MILLER AND ROSS.

Wm. Miller called at THE CLIPPER office on Friday, March 14, and put up $150 more on account of his proposed pedestrian match with Duncan Ross, leaving the following card, which was written with a view to inducing the Scotchman to sign articles for a match:

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I beg to deposit one hundred and fifty dollars, making three hundred dollars, for the go as you please 24-hour race between D. C. Ross and myself. I request Mr. Ross to cover same on or before Saturday, March 22. If he does not, I shall consider myself entitled to the forfeit of one hundred and fifty dollars you now hold from him. Yours respectfully,

PROF. WM. MILLER.

Subsequently the appended communication from Ross came to hand by mail. We haven't room to spare for the publication to which the article to which the writer refers, but Miller can see the document by calling at this office:

BALTIMORE, March 13, 1879.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* As Mr. Wm. Miller has covered my deposit for a mixed athletic competition to consist of a 26-hour "go-as you please," wrestling, weight-throwing, etc., which he desires to be contested in Baltimore on the 6th and 7th of June, and as I have arranged two other matches of greater importance to be contested on or about that time (with McKinnon and Campbell), it would not be judicious for me to enter into such a mixed contest previous to meeting the other parties. But if Mr. Miller signs the following articles of agreement, he will be the next man, and at as early a date as possible.

Yours respectfully, DUNCAN C. ROSS.

McLAUGHLIN vs. OWENS AND DUFUR.

On Monday morning, March 17, we received the subjoined letter from Mr Rankin of Boston and the accompanying challenge. The money spoken of we have not yet received:

BOSTON, March 15, 1879.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* Col. J. H. McLaughlin called on me Saturday, previous to his departure for the West, and requested me to forward inclosed challenge, with $100 as forfeit. The money ($100) I will forward by express, so that you will receive it to-morrow (Monday) afternoon.

Very truly yours, E. S. RANKIN.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I hereby challenge James Owens of Fairfield, Vt., or H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., or the winner of the match now pending between them, to wrestle me collar-and-elbow, two best in three falls, strictly to rule, for $500 a side, with privilege of making it $1,000 a side. I will wrestle either of them in six weeks from date, the match to include the championship of the world. Yours respectfully, J. H. MCLAUGHLIN.

Boston, Mass., March 14, 1879.

LOVEJOY AND HUTCHINS.

We have received fifty dollars forfeit on account of the subjoined acceptance of a challenge:

BIG RAPIDS, MICH., March 14, 1879.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In answer to the challenge of N. E. Hutchins of Marlboro, Mass., we have to say: One of the Lovejoy Brothers, Frank or Dell, will wrestle said Hutchins at this place, between the fifteenth and twentieth days of April, 1879, for $200 a side, and will cover him $37 for expenses. Match to be best three in five falls, wrestled in close fitting jackets, and governed by the rules of Ed. James. The weight of neither contestant is to exceed 142 pounds on the night of the wrestle. Inclosed find $50 as a forfeit. Respectfully yours,

LOVEJOY BROTHERS.

P. S.—Inclosed find copy of agreement, which we have forwarded to Hutchins to sign and deliver to you.

DUFUR AND OWENS.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* MARLBORO, March 15, 1879.

On Nov. 26, 1878, I chall[enged] James Owens to wrestle me collar-and-elbow for $500, and James Owens to wrestle me made a deposit to insure this, and the champion belt. I accepted my challenge one day[after]. On Feb. 19 Owens accepted my deposit, but did not[sign] the articles as required by me. I have stated in the daily papers [from] time to time that I would give him a reasonable time if he really wished [to] meet me at all, but I have nothing from him. His backers [have] let me hear from him, but he is ready and [has] not improved this opportunity to do so. I will meet James E. Owens or his representative in Boston, Mass., on [the] March 26, 1879, at the match. Yours respectfully,

H. M. DUFUR.

S. C. OWENS of Fairfield, Vt., weight [16]4 lbs. 5ft. 6in., and G. W. Flagg of Brattleboro, Vt., height 5ft. 8in., wrestled for $100 a side at Rand[all's], Vt., March 13. Alfred Lane was referee, James E. Owens, Vt., acted for his brother, and Martin W. Randolph for Flagg. The first fall was won by Flagg in 6[3]m., after seven falls that the umpire decided no fall. Owens was then awarded on his back in a little over an hour. Owens was the favorite. There is a rumor that Flagg and Jas. Owens will have a match in a few weeks.

CHAS. P. DANIELS of Boston called at this office March 15, and left $100 as a deposit for his proposed match with Harrigan.

McLAUGHLIN vs. McMAHON.

The Boston Theatre was filled on the afternoon of March 12 by people anxious to witness the match at collar and elbow wrestling between J. H. McLaughlin and John McMahon. From the reputation of the principals it was expected to be a very severe contest. The following gentlemen were umpires: F. F. Byrne for McMahon and J. J. Burnett of the Boston Baseball Club for McLaughlin. Col. Eland acted as timekeeper, while W. H. Jackson, the well-known rifle-shot, filled the position of referee. At 2.15 P. M. the men got started, and after being introduced to the audience shook hands and took hold. After considerable fibbing and leg-spurring McLaughlin managed to get an inside lock on McMahon, with the latter cleverly broke, and which was followed by several other similar attempts on the part of McLaughlin, who in this bout acted mostly on the offensive. Shortly afterwards McMahon got a hip-lock on McLaughlin, but the latter's strength was too much for his opponent, who, after a desperate struggle, was obliged to let go. McLaughlin soon afterwards caught McMahon napping, and with a cross-toe trip threw him, but only to his feet. This he repeated several times without success, for McMahon turned like a flash and always managed to fall on his side or face. The difference in style between the two men was very marked, McL relying greatly on his strength and hip-locks, while McM evidently preferred foot-trips. The bout went on for 55 minutes, with alternate advantage to either, until McLaughlin, getting an opening for his favorite lock, laid out his opponent in fine style. The second bout was a repetition, an arm-management of a stage that looked very odd in place of the familiar jacket, but which has many advantages over the latter, being neater, firmer, and giving a hold that is not liable to slip. The bout was somewhat similar to the previous one, only that McMahon, instead of McL, assumed the offensive. It was won by McMahon in 35m. The third round was begun after a short rest, and in a few minutes McL. threw McM., but the latter again fell on his side. McL.'s supporters claimed a fall, which was allowed by the referee, whose decision almost drove the audience wild, and was met with a storm of hisses and shouts that unmistakably must have convinced him he had made a mistake. He held to his decision, however, until McL. came forward and disclaimed the fall. The referee then informed the audience that time would be called at 5.15 P. M., as the Boston Theatre people wanted to use the stage after that hour. The wrestlers then went to work again, killing time until the hour referred to arrived, when Col. Eland closed his chronometer, the principals tossed their hooks, and the referee declared the match a draw. Our correspondent, who is well known in athletic circles at the Hub, says: "I was informed before the match, on the most reliable authority, that it was an arranged affair, and only got up as a speculation. This information led me to watch very closely the conduct of all engaged in the matter, the result is that I firmly believe it was not a bona-fide contest, but an exhibition designed to fill the pockets of those interested in it. My opinion is that nearly everyone who saw the match will agree with me. McMahon was supposed to be the better wrestler in jackets, and yet McL. won the first bout, which was contested in jackets. McL., who, I believe, was the first to introduce wrestling in harness, and who is supposed would easily win the second bout, which was wrestled in harness lost it, the result of both bouts being in direct opposition to what was expected from them. Those not in the ring say this was done to collar the bettors, who put money up on their past experience of the two men and the two styles of wrestling. Another doubtful feature was the unparalleled generosity (?) of McL in disclaiming a fall after the referee had decided it in his favor, which he certainly would not have done, and could not afford to do, if the match was a genuine one, for at the time of the fall referred to he (McL.) was apparently very much used up, while McM. looked as fresh as at the beginning. I must do the referee, Mr. Jackson, the justice of saying that I don't believe for a moment he was a party to the arrangement; he acted in good faith, and apparently had only one object in view—a square, honest struggle, which he did all he could to secure. It is very certain that a return-match between the two Macs will not prove the success, financially, that the late one did. Betcnalar will stand considerable hunting; but there is a limit to their credulity, and Messrs. McL. and McM. have reached it."

WALKING IN TROY.—Elsa Von Blumen walked in a hall in Troy, N. Y., March 11, 12, in the presence of large houses during each evening and on the afternoon of 12. The track was not officially measured, and the only person keeping time was connected with the show. The affair was a clear case of nippodroming, the lady not walking 80 miles, although credited with 100. A local amateur named Chevalier walked about the same distance, but was flattered into the belief that he beat the lady nearly half an hour in the 100 miles, and a benefit snap ensues March 18. Burt Miller of Rochester is the manager.....A former stove foundry is being transformed into a walking rink, to have sixteen laps to the mile, and accommodate 1,000 spectators. "Sport" Campana and J. C. Moore are announced to have a six-days' contest in the rink, beginning March 24. George Powell of Troy and Chauncey Reed of Cambridge are booked to walk from Cambridge to Troy April 15.

THE 26 HOUR "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" TOURNAMENT under the patronage of Thomas R. Carter, a merchant of that city, commenced at Masonic Temple, Baltimore, at 8.15 P. M. March 14, and closed 10.15 P. M. 15. Francis Cutair, referee, read the certificate from Simon J. Martenet, city surveyor, showing the track to be 19 laps to the mile to a fraction. C. Washington, who entered for this race, borrowed enough money to get out of town, and then left. Mackey up to 10 A. M. on the 16th had a fair chance of winning the first prize, but was suddenly prostrated with cramps in the stomach, and, though he stuck to the track, he after that was virtually out of the contest, which closed as follows: Prof. Johnson, first prize, $200, 94 miles 1 lap; John Hall, second prize, $150, 89 miles 1 lap; Jos. Blondell, third prize, $50, 80 miles 10 laps; J. P. Mackey, 75 miles 7 laps. Fitzgerald left the track for good at 2 A. M. 16th, after scoring 25 miles.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the score-sheet of a 75-mile walk match between Wm. H. Schellem[e] at the Astor-avenue Hotel, East New York, L. I., last week. It is accompanied by an affidavit from G. O. Palmer, scorer, and Sebastian Brosel, timekeeper (there do not appear to have been any judges), as to the correctness of the score, which says he walked but 75 miles in 24 hours, on a forty-four-lap track.

MISS JOSIE WILSON is said to have completed her 2,700 quarter miles at Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J., at 8.45 P. M. March 15, amid much enthusiasm; but as her walking exhibition had been a financial failure, she will "continue on and do 3,000 quarters," in hopes of making enough money to save her from being compelled to walk to her home in New York.

HORN WALKING AT GILMORE'S.—A. R. Samuells has engaged Gilmore's Garden for two weeks, commencing April 14, and he purposes giving prizes for two six days' pedestrian tournaments, one for ladies and the other for male walkers. Further particulars are published in his advertisements.

COL. T. H. MONSTERY'S annual entertainment at the New York School of Arms, Boxing, etc., 619 Sixth avenue, will take place there on the evening of March 23. The exercises will consist of assault with the broad sword, a rapier-and-poniard prize will be given the best amateur middle-weight boxer.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for a walking match, distance ten miles, to take place in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Mass., March 31. It will be a strictly local affair, and is creating a great deal of interest. It will be under the management of Jr. C. Bancroft and Captain Mattie.

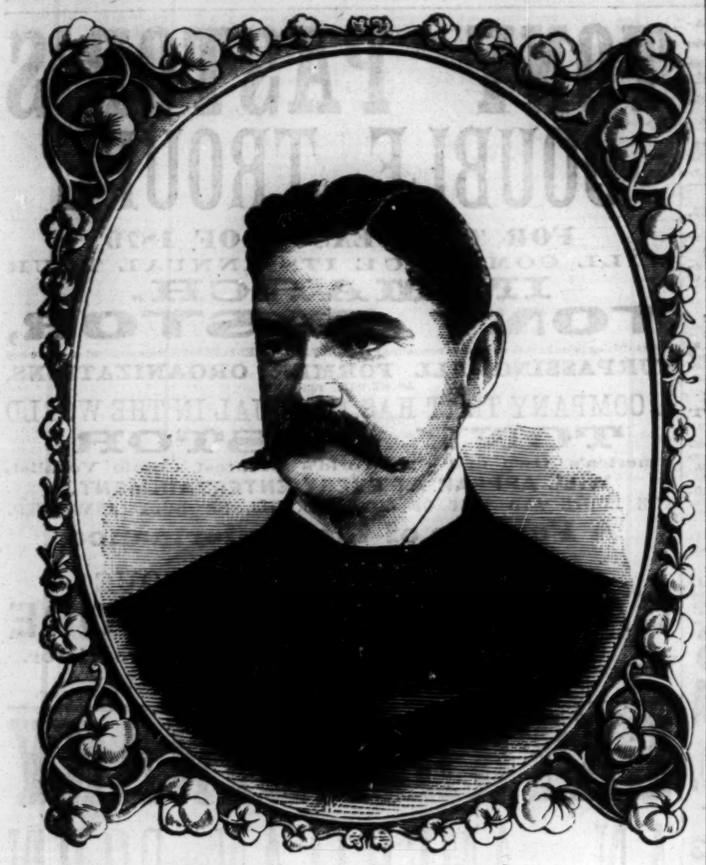
MADAME ANDERSON, at 12.30 P. M. Saturday, March 15, at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Ill., had completed 1,722 quarter-miles of her proposed walk, and was looking much better than during the week before.

MISS LILLIAN HOFFMAN has created a great deal of excitement in Worcester, Mass., and has made herself a strong favorite.

BILLIARDS.

BRIEF NOTES.

An article upon the rules of the Champion's Game, as it is to be played in April and May next, will be found on an outside page.....The sister of Jacob Aronson of Philadelphia was married in Chicago last week. Mr. A. was present, of course.....The Third-avenue room of Harry Sneeker has been undergoing negotiations the past week, with a view to a change of proprietors. So far nothing definite has occurred.....At James Palmer's room, Philadelphia, on the 12th inst., the proprietor and Victor Estephe gave the first of a series of three exhibitions of fifteen-ball pool. Palmer won eleven games to Estephe's nine. The next contest of the series is to take place on the 19th at Estephe's room, Germantown..... Melvin Foster is betting again, and wishes to know if John Dewey has been seen in this city, *en route* to South America, within six months past. Will some California reader inform us if John has left that land?.....Schaefer and Gallagher having struck the land of 4x2[9] tables, ball runs may be looked for in their exhibition games.....Bert Heiser explains that his run of 230 at the Champion's Game was made on the long rail by close nursing backwards and forwards, he having but two ways to play—either left-handed or by reaching across from the opposite rail. He got the balls together twice on the same rail, which suggests that perhaps he was playing on a 4x[8]9 table. Sloson with a view to a change of proprietors. So far nothing definite has occurred.....At James Palmer's room, Philadelphia, on the 12th inst., the proprietor and Victor Estephe gave the first of a series of three exhibitions of fifteen-ball pool. Palmer won eleven games to Estephe's nine. The next contest of the series is to take place on the 19th at Estephe's room, Germantown..... Melvin Foster is betting again, and wishes to know if John Dewey has been seen in this city, *en route* to South America, within six months past. Will some California reader inform us if John has left that land?.....Schaefer and Gallagher having struck the land of 4x



HENRY JAMES BYRON,

DRAMATIC AUTHOR AND ACTOR,

was born in Manchester, Eng., in January, 1835, and was educated at a school in Essex, and finally in St. Peter's College, Eton square, London. His grandfather, Harry Byron, rector of Munster, was first cousin to Lord Byron, the great poet, and his father, Henry Byron, was British Consul in Hayti, W. I. Young Byron was intended by his father for the navy, and, although the Hon. Mrs. Leigh prevailed him a cadetship, he declined it. He next studied medicine, which, after a brief experience, he abandoned for the stage, and commenced his theatrical career in the provinces. From his own writings we learn that he had to play eighteen parts in one week, sing between the acts, and yet he received only one-half of the salary at which he had been engaged. He gave up acting and entered as a law student in the Middle Temple, London; but, before being called to the bar, he had attained such marked success as a writer for the stage that he decided to devote himself to that pursuit. His first piece—a burlesque of "Fra Diavolo"—was brought out at the Strand Theatre in 1858, and was so successful that other parodies from his pen followed in quick succession. In 1865 Mr. Byron took part with Miss Marie Wilton in converting the Queen's Theatre into the Prince of Wales', for which he wrote many attractive pieces. Besides burlesques, he wrote numerous melodramas, and in 1868 produced the comedy of "Cyril's Success," which may be said to have been the commencement of the long list of peculiar comedies for which he is best known. His reputation as an actor may be said to rest upon his impersonation of Sir Simon Simple in his own drama of "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," which he had written for E. A. Sothern, and that gentleman declined. He first acted it in the Globe Theatre Oct. 23, 1869, and the following year he revived it successfully in the Adelphi Theatre. On March 28, 1870, he first played there Fitzaltamont in "The Prompter's Box," which Sothern produced here under the title of "The Crushed Tragedian." In October, 1872, he reproduced this piece, slightly altered, in the Strand Theatre, under the title of "Two Stars, or the Footlights and the Fireside." In January, 1873, he also produced at that theatre a new three-act comic drama entitled "Old Soldiers," in which he acted Lionel Leveret, which met with decided success. March 21, 1874, he produced his comedy of "An American Lady" in the Criterion Theatre, at its opening, and played the character of Harold Treas. Oct. 2, 1875, his comedy of "Married in Haste" was produced in the Haymarket Theatre, the author acting Gibson Greene, and on Sept. 16, 1878, he produced at that theatre "Conscience Money," impersonating Dick Simpson. "Our Boys," which has been acted over thirteen hundred consecutive times in the Vaudeville Theatre, where it is still running, is from Mr. Byron's pen. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to give anything like a complete list of his dramatic productions. Besides his heavy dramatic labors, he has edited *Fun*, contributed to *Punch*, and written numerous dramatic criticisms and leading articles, besides writing "Paid in Full" and another novel. He brought out the late T. W. Robertson as a dramatic writer, and was the first to discover W. S. Gilbert's talents in that direction.

DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEORGE SKERRETT.

After the struggle's over and we are laid
Beneath the ground,
Deep, dark, mysterious, profound;
Poets, divines and philosophers rare
Have never found the secret there.
Skill and science both signally fail
To solve or penetrate the mystic veil.
The change must come to one and all—
We must be clothed with the funeral pall!
To die, to sleep, is our common lot—
To fade, to wither, to fester and to rot!
Oh, face of beauty! oh, form divine!
Must both of these to dust incline?
The lustrous eye, the winning smile, the being we love so well
Must these be forever placed within their narrow cell—
Torn by Death's relentless hand forever from our sight,
Forever and forever to sleep in endless night?
Oh, dread conclusion! oh, horrid thought!
Our feelings in fearful anguish are wrought,
Shrink back in terror as they surely must
To hear these solemn words: "Dust to dust!"
Yet it must be so! The King of Terrors met
The monarch, and from his brow buried his coronet.
His sceptre, too, he like a pipe-stem broke,
And shattered his crown with a sepulchral stroke.
Nor he laughed as the Regal Despot plead
For more time, as he groaned in pain on his bed.
"I'll give thee all I have! my kingdom for an hour!"
"Not a moment or a second," cried this awful power.
"Thy time has come. Be quiet; adjust thy royal robe—
I'd not give thee another hour for all the globe."
He died. The whole nation mourned his loss.
After all, thrones, crowns and empires are but dross.
Death came again—this time where poverty dwelt,
And where suffering and pain and want were felt.
No royal ermine was here displayed,
No show of wealth nor power was made.
Poor but honest, he fought the battle well;
But, worn with toil, at last he fell.
Death came to him gently, and the angels soothed his brow;
Not all the pain or misery can he harm him now.
With thoughts of the future and memories of the past,
He looked towards Heaven and quietly breathed his last.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and the final scene is o'er—
Why should we seek the great eternity to explore?
Our thoughts rebound, our efforts fail,
Our judgment falters, our senses quail.
Dust mortal for himself must find
The dread mysteries that lie behind.
When the eye is fixed and the voice is still,
When the limbs are stiff and we lose our will,
When the ear is cold and we want our breath,
Then thy mystery's solved, O Death! O Death!

FAIR AS A STAR;

OR,

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—PARTED.

Had we never loved sae blindly,
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had never been broken hearted.—BURNS.

"Hush! don't speak so wildly," Philip Craven said, alarmed at her vehemence. 'Nothing could make me spurn you—you know that I love you too dearly, Helen."

"Oh, don't," she answered, shivering, for he would have put his arm around her, and, sheltered by the darkness of an adjoining tree, would have kissed her lips. "I am not what you think me. My name is not Helen Pomfrey at all. I am no pure, guileless girl, with an unstained name, and the innocence of maidenhood—I am the most forlorn of God's creatures—a forsaken wife."

He sprang from her side, and stood facing her in the moonlight.

"Heaven forgive you," he said after a pause. "But I cannot believe it. Are you sure it is not all some idle dream? I cannot think that you, whom I thought so good, would stoop to such deceit."

"My only deceit was veiling my own identity under a feigned name," she said sadly. "I am not the only woman whom misery like mine has driven to that extremity. All I longed for till you came was to earn an honest living, and go my way unknown and unnoticed till the end."

"But your—your husband?" he said, the sharp pain at his heart making his voice come in harsh gasps, and sound like the voice of another man. "Who is he? Where is he?"

"Heaven knows," she said, answering the last part of his question. "I dot not. Whether he is living or dead I cannot tell, but till I do he stands between me and everything that could make my life happy. He parts me from you, and makes the world a black desert."

Wild words, perhaps, but a wise man once said: "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and Helen's heart was very full indeed. Surely the recording angel might pass them by and forgive her. Philip Craven's answer was to take her in his arms and press her to his heart with passionate kisses, and then to place her gently back upon her seat.

"I could not help it," he said. "It is the first time and the last. After to-night I must see your face no more, or I shall forget all bonds of honor and good faith, and deem the world well lost for the woman I love dearer than life itself."

It was well for the luckless Helen Pomfrey that she had found an honorable lover in her sadness, and the love which, alas! had sprung up in her heart for him. The chances are that had he said: "Come with me, and in my love forget the sorrowful past, and set the world's prejudices at defiance," she would have gone and wrecked her peace forever. But the word was not spoken. Philip Craven had asked her to be his wife, and, though in her passionate despair he had taken her to his heart in a wild embrace that was like a death struggle in its agony, her fair fame would suffer nothing at his hands. He would go away and forget her if he could—try not to think hardly of all women because of this second wrench at his heartstrings. He would never love again—never while he lived ask any woman to share the bane or blessing of his lot. His whole heart had gone out to Helen Pomfrey, and he had muttered her name in the silent night, and said it aloud to the listening moon, in sweet anticipation of the time when he should make her change it for his own. And the very name was false!—false as the role of girlhood she had played without suspicion, false as ——

No, he could not look in that sad, sweet face, with the pleading eyes gazing up into his own, and call *that* false! In all their intercourse he could not recall one act or word of hers that had tended to lure him on. He had taken all for granted, and it was not for her to speak. And now the crisis had come. He had told his love, and she had acknowledged hers and told her secret in almost the same breath, and there was the end. There seemed nothing beyond—ho hope, no life, no anything.

Helen was the first to break the silence after his passionate caress.

"Forgive you!" she said. "Oh, no; it is for you to forgive me, Mr. Craven! Say you do—say you pardon me for having come between you and happiness. I did not seek to do it, did not think; but it was so pleasant to have a friend, and my life has had so little pleasure in it."

Tears came down her pale face as she spoke, and glistened upon her cheeks in the moonlight.

"Say you forgive me," she repeated. "And try and forget me."

"I cannot do that," he answered. "I forgive you, Helen—I must call you by the old name; it has been very dear to me—as fully as ever anyone was forgiven in this world; but to forget is not so easy. I will leave New York and try what a roving life will do. Love and marriage are not for me. I am a man accursed, I think."

She laid her hand upon his arm, and looked into his face. She was quite calm now, and her voice sounded clear and shrill, as voices do when every word is parted with pain, and stabs the speaker as it is uttered.

"No," she said, "that must not be. You and I would meet no more; but it is I who will go away, not you. If you were to go there would be other hearts to suffer besides ours. Your mother, Mr. Craven."

"My mother has parted with me before."

"But you told me the other day that she hoped not to part with you again. Do not give your parents pain for me—Indeed I am not worth it. I will go, and be heard of no more."

"Where will you go?"

"Wherever my manager chooses to send me. I shall be a gainer by the proceeding, as far as money goes. I refused to be sent anywhere a little while ago. I think he will let me alter my mind if I ask him. I will try."

"It is I who have blundered," said Philip Craven gravely, "and I who ought to pay the penalty."

Helen shook her head.

"The deceit was mine," she said. "You shall not grieve your mother for my sake. What would she think of you if you left her and all those most dear to her for the sake of an actress?"

"She would have taken an actress to her heart as her daughter, had the fates so willed it," he replied sadly. "Helen, *am* I in my senses, or are the terrible words you have spoken to me some hideous dream? I *cannot* believe it."

"It is *true*."

"That you, my darling, whom I have loved—whom I *do* love so dearly—are another man's wife?"

"Yes!"

"And do they—the good old people that you live with—know this terrible secret?"

"No!"

"You have deceived them as well as me?"

"As well as everyone else; but there was no deception. I was never asked any questions. You will not betray me?"

"Not I!"

He spoke bitterly as he felt, and she rose trembling, and held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said. "We will part here. Some day, when you and I can meet with calmness—when you are married, maybe, and happy in indifference to me—I will tell you my whole story, and you will understand why I strove to begin a new life under a fresh name, and blot out the unhappy past, if possible. Heaven bless you, Philip Craven, for your goodness to me, and good-bye."

She was gone before he had time to detain her, flitting across the square so swiftly that he could not have followed her without a run.

An hour later he went home very pale and grave, and told his mother he had a headache in answer to her anxious questions.

"Ah, it is the heat of the theatre, my boy," she said, stroking his dark curls. "You do go to the Galatea so often."

"I shall go no more, mother."

Mrs. Craven wondered, and so did the people at the Galatea, both before and behind the curtain, when the bright face of Philip Craven was seen no more in box or lobby. Helen Pomfrey alone, grave and silent, but more attentive than ever to her duties, made no remark.

Mr. and Mrs. Banton knew why the young man was seen in his usual place no more. Helen reached home on that eventful night, looking more like a ghost than her own bright self, and went into a fit of hysterics so violent and prolonged that the worthy couple were seriously alarmed. From something she let drop Mrs. Banton guessed at the cause, and questioned her. Helen confessed that she had seen Mr. Craven, and that he had asked her to be his wife.

"And you accepted him!" the old lady said, naturally thinking the hysterics had been joyful ones.

"No."

"You refused?"

"Yes!"

"My dear child, he is one of the first matches in New York."

"That would have no weight with me," she said sadly.

"And such a nice young man?"

"Granted."

"And I thought—but perhaps I was mistaken—I thought you loved him, my dear."

"You thought right, my dear madam. I *do* love him," Helen said passionately. "Love him! I would lay down my life for him. Don't talk of him, or I shall go mad!"

"Then why on earth don't you marry him, child?" asked Mrs. Banton in amazement. "There's nothing to hinder it, is there?"

"Oh, yes, there is! A barrier that nothing can break down. Is there any mercy in heaven, I wonder, when such misery is permitted to those who have done no wrong?"

"Hush, my dear; you mustn't talk so," said the old lady gravely. "Heaven is always merciful, though we are too blind sometimes to see the blessings. You will see things differently after a good night's rest."

But whether Helen Pomfrey thought differently or not, Philip Craven came no more, and the light died out of Helen's face, leaving her a grave, silent woman instead of the bright, happy creature she had hitherto been. She should leave New York for a time, she told her friends. She would pay for her room, if they would let her, so as to be able to come back.

"For I have no home but this," she said, with the tears standing in her eyes.

The manager smiled when she went to him and asked for what she had refused before.

"Ladies are privileged to change their minds," he said; "but I am not sure the Galatea can spare you now, Miss Pomfrey."

"The Galatea must spare me," Helen said sadly. "If you do not send me away, I must go."

"Well, well, we'll see," he said kindly enough. "And if you can't make up your mind to stay you shall go, and I won't ask why," he added in a significant tone, which brought a bright flush to Helen's cheeks, for it betrayed that he knew or guessed the reason. "Call on me tomorrow morning, my dear, and I'll see what I can do."

Actresses are always "my dear" to their managers. Their is neither disrespect or undue familiarity meant or indicated by the term, and the manager of the Galatea had a great respect for Helen Pomfrey. He believed her to be a pure, good woman, though he was a reader of faces sufficient to guess she had a history in her former life.

He was a man of much business. The irons in his managerial fire were many and varied, though they always contrived to keep hot; and he thought that the next morning's post might bring him news of something that would do for his rising actress.

He was not disappointed. When Helen called upon him he told her he could send her away directly if she really meant to go.

"I do *really*," she said.

"Then you can go to Philadelphia at once. It isn't very flattering to you to play second fiddle to any woman; but my partner there wants someone good to second the star he has got, and to take her place if she takes a fancy to indulge in tantrums of any sort. Will you go?"

"Gladly!"

So it was settled, and Helen Pomfrey bade adieu to New York for a time. She reached Philadelphia just when her services were needed sorely. The stars were not to open till the next night. They were a small company from England, playing their own pieces and one or two old comedies. And the stock leading actress had fallen downstairs and sprained her ankle.

It was a stock piece, "The Hunchback," but there was nobody at hand to play Julia, and the manager was in despair. Helen arrived in the midst of the confusion. The theatre was rapidly filling, and no one knew quite what to do. She promptly tendered her services.

"If the lady will lend me her dresses," she said. "I will go on for it."

"Without a rehearsal?" the manager asked.

"If the audience will not be too hard on me, I think I can."

"I'll go and talk to them."

And while Helen was being pinned and stitched into a dress a good deal too large for her, but which the dresser made look quite respectable, the manager went and gave the audience such a pathetic speech about Miss ——'s fall, and Helen's prompt kindness in coming forward at the last moment, and without preparation, that they cheered him vociferously, and were ready to do the same for the unknown Miss Pomfrey, whether she were good, bad or indifferent.

Two members of the English troupe were present in a private box—Mr. Burt and Madeline Vere. The old actor had organized the company, which was paying very well, and Miss Vere had a prominent place in it. The manager had set apart a box for the troupe, and these two were the first to arrive.

"Helen Pomfrey," Madeline said when they heard the name. "I wonder who she is?"

"Native talent, I suspect, by the way she was praised," Mr. Burt said. "This is her scene. Here she comes. Good Heavens!"

He stared at Miss Vere in blank amazement and terror, for the Julia of the night was Ginevra Pierrepoint, whose mutilated corpse he had sworn to, and by whose grave he had stood in Kensal-green Cemetery before he left England.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A STRANGE STORY.

'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange—
Stranger than fiction.—BYRON.

Ginevra Pierrepoint, indeed, but with her faded beauty restored, and a new life, as it seemed, in ever limb and feature. No longer the haggard, heart-weary woman who had borne Hugh Pierrepoint's neglect and illtreatment till human patience could bear it no longer, but a radiant woman, with grace and ease in every movement—a finished actress, playing her part as though her whole life had been one uninterrupted success. She did not notice them, and they watched her through the business of the scene, which she played with a girlish freshness very rare on the stage, feeling as though they were both in a dream.

"It is impossible!" Madeline Vere said when they had recovered their breath. "It is an awful likeness, but it cannot be. You saw her, did you not, after ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Burt with a shudder, "I did, and swore to her, and buried her, poor thing. It is an amazing resurrection."

"How did she come here, I wonder?"

"If it is not a double or a ghost, we will ask her by-and-bye, my dear."

"Oh, we were not mistaken—it is Mrs. Pierrepoint."

The actress had caught sight of them for the first time, and a strange look had come into her face—a curious expression, partly pleasure and partly pain, mixed with a good deal of fear. It was with great difficulty that she went on with the scene. The words seemed to slip away from her, and when, at length, the curtain fell on the first act of the piece, she could hardly keep herself from fainting.

But Mr. Burt had come round, and, with a few words, restored her to herself.

"Your secret is quite safe," he whispered to her. "Do not fear any betrayal from us. I will come round to you when the piece is over. Are you alone here?"

"I am always alone—always shall be till I die."

He was struck by her despairing tone, but he would not question her now, but bade her go away and dress.

"We will not stay if we make you nervous," he said. "We will go away and come for you presently."

"I am not easily made nervous, old friend," she said with a quiet smile; "but who are we?"

"Miss Vere and myself."

"Why, are you with her? Is she your wife?"

She spoke bitterly, for the very name of the actress gave her a sting as it passed her lips.

"What is she to you that you are parading her about by your side?"

"You are as vehement as ever. I see," he replied, smiling. "I have no doubt of your identity when you talk like that. No, my dear Madeline, here is nothing to me but a member of the same company; but I have learned to respect her, and I think she is grateful to me."

"To respect her?"

"Yes."

"I must be going crazy, I think, to hear you say such words, or am I mistaken in her? Is it the same woman who ——"

"She is the same Miss Vere you knew in London, or, rather, not the same, for, save in outward appearance, she has changed in everything. She has even won me over from my dislike—no easy task, I can assure you; but we will tell you all about it presently, and you shall tell us how you come to be alive and acting in Philadelphia, when everybody believes you to be lying in Kensal-green."

"You thought I was dead, I know."

"Indeed, we had good reason."

"It is all a queer dream. I will tell you all about it by-and-bye. I am glad to see you; but you will not betray me—you will not tell him?"

Mr. Burt looked at her inquiringly. She did not know, then, that her husband was filling a nameless grave among the lawless diggers at Ballarat. Betray her! If the fact of her discovery were trumpeted to the four corners of the earth it would make no difference to that dead man. He did not blurt out to her the news of her freedom now. He was fearful what effect it might have on her.

"I'll keep your secret, my dear," he said. "You may depend on me, and Madeline Vere, too."

"Ah, do not couple her name with yours in that way," Ginevra said, with a shiver. "I wish I could forget that such a woman ever lived. The heaviest part of the burden of my life was laid on me by her wickedness."

"You will judge her less harshly in the time to come, I hope. She will not intrude herself upon you till you think differently of her. I am thankful beyond expression to see you here alive."

"And I am thankful to see you. I have kind friends in America—dear friends—and I am making my way; but I cannot describe the misery of my life here at first, how I longed for the sight of a face I had known before—for a glimpse of something familiar. I think I should have gone half mad with joy if I could only have seen poor, dirty Sally for a minute."

"Sally has never forgotten you. Mrs. Sebright and I still correspond, and Sally has known what misery and sorrow mean. She, too, has known what it is to marry and be deserted; but she has gone back to her old place and her good mistress. Your memory is kept green there, I can assure you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STROLLER'S STORY.

BY HAL LOUTHER.

"Come nearer to the fire, sir; you look half perished." The speaker was the landlord of a roadside inn, and a hearty-looking, genial fellow he was too. The guests already assembled about the cheerful hearth made way as the landlord repeated his words: "Come nearer the fire, sir," and the fire, as if equally hospitable, seemed to echo the welcome as it glowed with an extra sparkle, but the stranger who had just entered, and to whom the words were addressed, merely tossed aside his hat and overcoat after shaking the snow from them, and, taking a seat in front, but as far from the fire as the room allowed, ordered some brandy and water. In answer to the landlord's pull at the bell, a young girl entered, and the stranger repeated his order in a soft, pleasant voice. As he raised his head to do so, the guests saw his full face. His thick, dark hair was sprinkled with streaks of gray, and over his brown, open features there hung a sadness like a shadow, which clearly told that his mind was troubled with some kind of sorrow. As the girl left the room, her bright, cheery face glowing with beauty of the most rare and delicate type, he looked inquiringly towards the landlord, who in reply to the look said proudly: "Very pretty, isn't she, sir?"

"Pretty is hardly the word; she is beautiful."

"You are right, sir," one of the guests chimed in, "and there's none in this neighborhood, gentle or simple, can compare with her for looks."

"Is she your daughter?"

"No," replied the landlord, answering the stranger. "She is no relation of mine; she is not my child."

"But," said another of the guests, "you have been more than a father to her; that we all know—leastwise since you came among us."

"I have only fulfilled my promise to the dead," said the landlord, as he turned his eyes through the thin, white wreaths of smoke curling upward from his pipe and gazed sadly at a portrait framed about with mistletoe and holly, to which he pointed as he added:

"That was her mother."

There was a silence for a moment. The landlord rose, and, drawing the curtains, looked out into the night. The flames rollicked and danced, and the fire, as if roaring up the throat of the chimney with husky laughter, seemed to treat the landlord's emotion as a capital joke.

When he returned to his chair and pipe, there was a moistened look about his eyes which at once betrayed that some sad and tender memory of the past had been touched.

"Christmas-eve," he said, when his pipe was in the full swing of its cloud-rolling again. "Ah! 'tis just seventeen years since the girl you have praised so much for her beauty became my adopted daughter."

"How was that?" asked the stranger respectfully.

"I don't know what possesses me to tell you the story, but I feel as if something urged me, even against my will, to do it, and this night, too, of all others. Will you hear it?"

"Thanks," said the stranger; and it seemed to the usual guests who had been covertly watching him that the shadow on his face deepened, as if he were struggling through a tangling web of unpleasant thoughts.

"When a boy, mine was a quiet, humble home, in a quaint old country town. It was well suited in all respects to those who have no other wish in the world than to realize the old and satirical epitaph: 'He was born—lived—and died.' A sleepy, peaceful old place; but I hated it, for you see there was a Bohemian touch in my nature which severity could not cut out; so one fine morning I left my home, with its drowsy air and lazy surroundings, and, with a heart light as my purse, commenced my journey on the high road of life.

"I was subjected to the usual ups-and-downs, and, having a restless desire for change of scene, I did not remain long in one place. At the period I am about to speak of my wanderings were interrupted at a pleasant little town in Kent; there I fell in with some strolling players. Here was the very thing to suit my erratic nature, and I joined them. No life could possibly have fitted me better. What with fitting up, delivering bills, and playing such parts as servants, speechless smugglers, etc., I soon became a useful member of the corps, and was considered a competent 'crowd,' my 'We will—we will,' 'We are—we are,' being looked upon as specially good. In our company there was a beautiful young creature, whose presence among us was our pride. That she was superior to us needed no second glance to find out, and I soon learned why her lot had been cast in such company. Her father had been a man of sterling merit as an actor, but had fallen a victim to the curse of drink, and so sank from one grade to another, dragging his motherless child with him till they had reached the present depth. She was alone when I joined them, and her black dress told plainly enough the cause. There was something in her sweet, soft beauty that touched the holy chord of my nature, and, though I knew the passion to be hopeless, yet from the first moment I loved her.

"My careless, easy manner vanquished, and a sober, thoughtful mood took its place. I seized upon every chance that offered to show her those little attentions which, when offered with respect, are so welcome to the female heart. But I saw she had discovered my secret, and her wistful, pitying look pierced the heart of my hope, and I felt the glory of my future was no more. Our next move was to a garrison-town, containing a *real* theatre. No more halls or exchange-rooms for some time to come, and any change was a welcome one to me. One night—I forget the play, but it was an extra night—one of the boxes was filled with officers. They seemed to look upon our efforts as one huge joke, and treated them accordingly. It makes my blood boil even when I think of it now, the rude glances and loud comments they shot at my far-off love. After a time, however, her pure and simple manner, so natural and graceful, subdued even their coarse rudeness; one of them particularly seemed deeply interested in her, and the eagle eye of disappointed love quickly discovered a possible rival. Notes and presents day after day were sent to her at the theatre. Some of them made the indignant color mount to her neck and forehead as she read them. Every night my rival was there, watching and hanging with eager looks on all she said or did. When their eyes met there was a flutter in her voice which told me surely enough that his was a successful suit.

"One night I had wandered, restless and weary after the performance, down to my favorite walk by the riverside, and as I leaned against an old mossy wall beneath a curtain of thick branches, listening to the soothing ripple of the stream, suddenly two voices came upon my ear. I knew the one—God knows only too well for my own peace of mind—and I *guessed* the other. I fled without knowing how, or which way, but instinct seemed to guide me to my home. How long I sat there I cannot tell. It might have been minutes, hours, days, when I was suddenly roused from my stupor by a crash at the door, which shook the dying candle into sudden and unexpected life. Scarcely had I opened the door when a spectre flung itself into my arms. I say spectre, for it all seemed to me a dream; but after a time I found it all reality, and the flickering light showed me the ghastly face of her I loved, as I held her to my breast with the pulses of her heart whispering to those of my own.

"'Oh, save me! save me!' she sobbed. I was surely dreaming again. 'I have no one whom I can trust but you,' she continued. 'I must flee this night, and he wanted me to elope with him, and I love him so that I fear myself, and so I came to you for safety.'

"At the very mention of my rival I was awake in an instant. No fear of dreaming then. I placed her in the landlady's care, and that night my dreams were wild. A new-born hope filled my heart again. She had spoken to me in such a way—had trusted me in her moment of greatest peril, and her arms had clasped my neck. If ever I saw a stolen glimpse of the promised golden paradise, I saw it in my sleep that night.

"But it was not to be.

"The bright vision of my dream melted away with daylight, for before the next morning my rival had sought her presence, made an offer of marriage, and was accepted."

The landlord paused and puffed away on his pipe till the clouds curled thickly about his head.

"Well," asked a guest, "and were they married?"

"Yes," was the reply; "and they left us. I see her bright face now, happy with beaming smiles as they departed from the church-gate. Her eyes met mine, and from the depths of their brightness there welled up such a look that I fairly broke down, and hastily turned aside to hide my melting manhood.

"Her departure made it impossible for me to stay; so I left my companions and wandered away carelessly hither and thither, whichever road the finger-post of fate pointed. Months had passed, and I had found my way to a large manufacturing town. It was a dark night, and chance brought my steps to the stage-door of the theatre. The performance was over, and the actors were coming out. One or two scene-men were smoking about. Suddenly one of them, looking up the street, muttered: 'Here he comes, the beast!' Following his look, I saw, with the aid of the door-lamps, a half-drunken man in soiled full-dress suit. He had just parted from two women, whose gaudy style at once bespoke their character. 'Cab!' growled he, trying to steady himself. Someone ran to obey his order, and as it approached a slight figure issued from the stage-door, and the downlight of the lamp showed me the pale, wan face of her I loved! The half-drunken man was my successful rival.

"I stood there stupefied, but my sense of hearing was acute enough to understand what was going on, as I heard the scene-men talking to each other. 'What did he give you?' asked one of them of the man who had gone for the cab.

"'You know well enough,' was the answer; 'nothing but a cuss.'

"'Then I wouldn't ha' done it,' someone replied.

"'Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you?' was the sarcastic response. 'Then you differ from me; I'd do anything for her, I would.'

"'So would I,' was chorused generally. 'Else he might strike her as he has often done before,' said another.

"'Strike her—oh, my God! and I reeled away, sickened at the thought. I had heard more than what I have told you, but my sense was so numbed with the one shock that I can only say he had got through his fortune, and, finding she had talent for the stage, he procured her a good engagement, and lived in the most dissipated manner on her salary.

"Time passed on—I was reckless—I cared not what I did or where I went; no waif or stray ever yielded more willingly to the current of fate than I did.

"Some weeks after this event, having in the meantime strayed about in my usual listless manner, and tiring of one place after another, I found myself one evening wandering from the highway for the sake of a near cut to a neighboring village. The snow lay around in a crisp mantle of white, the wind cut keen and cold; so, turning up my coat-collar, I crossed the stile, and, with head bowed down, I plodded along. Suddenly the sound of voices fell on my ears, and, looking up, I found myself in the outskirt of an encampment. In one corner was a wretched-looking tent of weather-beaten canvas. Under its shelter a gipsy kind of fellow was extracting all the music he could from a fiddle. Near him was a robust girl, with an unkempt baby on her back, both evidently enjoying the wild strains. In the centre was a roaring fire, over which hung a huge iron pot. An old woman had just lifted from this seething cauldron an enormous Christmas pudding, to the great glee of three children, whose faces beamed again at the sight, one of them waving a piece of holly-bush in wild triumph. The cold and snow evidently had little effect on their hardy natures. A dog, with all the looks about him of having been stolen from some loving mistress, together with a wondering-face pony, looking over a portion of the tent, completing the picture which met my gaze. The woman looked at me keenly for a moment or two, and then said:

"'You seem cold and weary, sir! Will you rest a while, and join us? This is Christmas-eve, and you are welcome to our fare.'

"The woman had spoken truly. I was cold, and hungry too, so I consented at once to join them. At a signal from the fiddler, I joined in the triumphal march of the pudding, where, under a large tent, a feast of the roughest but still enjoyable kind was prepared.

"Presently the members of the half-gipsy band came in from their daily trudging, flinging their wares down one after another, and giving themselves up to the luxury of the time as only thorough Bohemians can. There was our principal tent decorated with holly and mistletoe for the occasion. There the tinkers' tools, the hawkers' stock-in-trade, the brooms half-completed, and suspicious-looking guns with a self-convicting air of poaching about them. The fiddler closed his eyes and drew from the cat-gut its merriest sound. Some were dancing, some were drinking, while the very trees, glowing with the fire's ruddy light, seemed to me to fold their arms and nod approval to all that was passing.

"Looking down the pathway, I was startled with the sight of a figure clasping something close to its breast. I stood up—on it came, staggering towards us, worn and weary. I went forward to assist it, and found a wild-looking woman with a child in her arms. 'Stop your madness,' I cried, 'for here is a poor woman dying.' In an instant the merriment ceased, and amid a crowd of kindly hands and anxious faces she was led towards the fire, and as the light fell on her I started as if shot. It was the love of my life before me once again. When the stupor of my surprise had passed away, I saw she was lying couched in the arms of some of the women, while another kind being was nursing the child. I read her story in her pale, wan face, and the bruise on her cheek told me why she had wandered away. She knew me again, and, kneeling beside her, she whispered in my ear the truth, only too plainly visible, that she was dying. 'I know you,' she said; 'you were as a brother to me once; oh, give the love you had for me to my child now, my poor orphan darling! Oh, don't, don't let them ill-use it! My heart is broken to think I cannot shield her from harm. Oh, my darling! oh, my darling! how can I die and leave you, my tender one, alone in this harsh world? O God! surely not to suffer as I have done. Will you be a father to her for the sake of the love you bore me?' she cried suddenly, as she raised herself up, and, with her soul looking through her eyes down into mine, she read the answer there. 'May—may ——' The words failed her, but her sobs and tears seemed to take up the words whispering to our listening hearts: 'May God guard my poor child!' Her face sank, and the red glare of the fire showed a snow-like face yet gazing in the direction of the child, and I knew that earth had one suffering mortal less, that Heaven claimed an angel more.

"From that night I was a changed man. I lived only for *her* child, and God alone can tell the battle I have had to keep my faith with the dead."

The story-teller abruptly checked himself and again walked to the window, and for a time the silence was unbroken.

The stranger rose from his seat, and walked softly towards the picture. He looked upon it for an instant; then sobbed aloud:

"O Heaven! my punishment is just—my wife, my wife!"

The words brought all the guests to their feet, and as the landlord turned his pipe fell shattered on the floor. The door opened, the girl entered, and the stranger, clasping her to his heart, ejaculated in a voice of deep emotion:

"My child? Yes," he continued, looking around, "for she was my wife. You cannot tell what I have suffered for my crimes. I will atone all I can—do all for me now," he pleaded to the girl; then said as he turned and addressed the portrait: "After years of search I have found her. Oh, may God in heaven grant forriveness for all the sufferings I have caused you!"

And as that penitent cry went forth the distant voices of the waits rose on their air as if blending with the prayer, and the Christmas-bells rang out 'Amen, amen!'—*London Sporting and Dramatic News.*

DEFENSE OF THE COUNT JOANNES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Your correspondent called upon George the Count Joannes at his hotel, the Irving House, a few days ago, in the hope of having an interview with that gentleman. We were shown up into a pretty and cosily-furnished parlor, where the Count was seated before a writing-desk, busily engaged, surrounded by Shakespeare, the Bible, Plutarch, and a number of historical and classical works. In one corner of the room, upon an easel, was a prettily-finished sketch the Count had just finished. A bright fire burned upon the hearth, making the room very pleasant and comfortable. The Count arose as we were ushered into his presence, and, with Chesterfieldian grace and good manners, remained standing until we were seated. When we state our business he courteously but firmly refused any interview whatever. Having, however, been acquainted with the Count for several years, we can give, from good information and personal knowledge, the following brief biography:

The Count Joannes was born in London, Eng., but emigrated to Boston, Mass., with his parents when he was but six years of age. He was a pupil of Daniel Webster, and a schoolmate of John and Fletcher Webster. When fifteen years old, having passed through school, he entered the dramatic profession, and appeared at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, under the management of Thomas Barry; from there he came to New York, where he was engaged for three years by Mr. Hamblin, then manager of the Bowery Theatre. The Count was at one time manager of the Marshall Theatre, Richmond, Va., and built and managed the Avon Theatre, in Norfolk, Va. The drop-curtain of the latter was also designed and painted by him, and is said to have been a magnificent classic painting. He has delivered five orations at Old Faneuil Hall, and received two gold medals. He afterwards wrote "The History of Ancient America," for which splendid historical work he received his title. His diploma is a grand parchment, upon which are the different order of the Count Palatine, with seals and the red-watered ribbon, the reading being in Latin, and signed by the Count Palatine. His life has indeed been one of strange vicissitudes, of romantic adventure, of enduring struggle, buoyed up always by a strong will, a dauntless energy, a defiant mind, and a living hope. He is self-reliant and independent, with a borrowed strength from fortune accident to lean upon; no strong right arm to bear him up. He has performed his pilgrimage thus far with head erect, bearing adversity with undismayed fortitude and prosperity with Christian humility. His personal appearance is commanding and attractive—he is of medium height, fine figure, with an animated countenance, high forehead, expressive dark eyes, resolute chin, and fine white, even teeth; he wears a heavy moustache, and his complexion is fresh and ruddy, which bespeaks good health and good habits; he does not smoke, nor drink intoxicating liquors; and, although we have known him personally for several years, we have never heard him use a profane word. He is of the nervous, sanguine temperament, has a resolute purpose, is persevering, energetic, untiring, and pursues an object with singular tenacity, but with a wariness and patience that renders ordinary obstacles like as the wiles with which Sampson was bound. He has manifested a marvelous aptitude for the strategy of legal practice, and bruises himself at every point with authority and with precedent with law and with testimony; and, so girted, he goes into the arena to meet legal champions on whose brows many laurels have been gathered, and he has overcome them. The Goliahs of the bar may have "disdained" him, and said "Who is this that has come against us" but with his sling and stone he has prevailed. But the Count's leading quality is an earnest self-possession which nothing can daunt or overturn from its equal poise. You may surround him as you please, place him in the midst of friends or in the midst of enemies, flatter him or frown upon him, he pursues his purpose with an unfaltering step and unhesitating courage. His coolness is sublime, and his fortitude is equal to his coolness. Great names affright him not, nor high station, nor immense wealth—he is accustomed to that. And he is apparently as happy in a peasants cottage as in a prince's palace. He is punctilious in his code of etiquette, and his communications with his fellow-men of all classes is marked with a suavity that is natural, and that sits easy upon him. He is chivalric on points of honor is extremely sensitive to an affront; will maintain his personal dignity at any cost; nor rest satisfied or easy under the slightest imputation upon his name. This is a true and honest description of George the Count Joannes. It is, indeed an exceptional character for men in our Manhattan community, and it is to be regretted that it is so.

Now, then, with the above description before you, can anyone tell what ther is in such a character to ridicule? You may say he is eccentric. Well, what man of any note is not eccentric? Indeed, we should have a queer world if everybody was like everybody else. Originality in a man is something to be admired, and is only sneered at by those who have not wit to be themselve original. Show us a man who dashes ahead in the right path, unmindful of what a lot of envious people may say, dauntless and bold, relieving the world owes him a living, and hath determined to have it—that is the man who people ridicule because they have not brains enough to appreciate him. Thus it is with the Count Joannes. What is there in his appearance, when it enters upon the stage, to cause a howl of derision? He has acted successfully with Edwin Forrest, Mr. Hamblin, the elder Mr. Booth, Mr. Macready, Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, Ellen Tree, and others of noted celebrity in the profession. He has been, for his historical and literary talent, the invited guest of emperors and kings, he bosom friend of the late Envoy Henry Wheaton, the Emperor Napoleon III., when Prince Louis was his guest, together with his cousins, the Princes Antoine and Pierre. He was the guest of the late Duke of Wellington, and has corresponded with dukes, counts and barons. During the past year he was the recipient of a very elegant and costly present from the late Caleb Cushing, the U. S. Minister to Spain. Within the past few months he has received a magnificently bound

WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY H. B. H.

Why comes he not? My heart grows sick with waiting
My brain grows dizzy with the wish deferred;
Voiceless I stand, while hope and fear debating,
Of cheering promise give me ne'er a word.

Why comes he not? The ship sailed forth in splendor,
One sunny morning in the long ago,
With brave, strong hearts to man and to defend her—
Why comes he not? I long, yet fear, to know.

I watched the ship move down the tidal river
With swelling sails, greedy of wind and tide,
Out to the sea, whose treacherous bosom never
With human love or life is satisfied.

Out to the sea I watched her, till she faded
And sank beneath the far horizon's rim;
When, faint with fear, my tearful eyes I shaded—
That one dim point held all my world in him.

Still waiting, watching, by the tidal river,
I see great ships come sailing up the bay;
But he I look and long for cometh never—
Farewell to life, since hope hath passed away!

A TRAVELING COMPANY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY CHAS. WARWICK.

"My lord, the players are come.
How chances it the travel?"—HAMLET

It would seem from the above quotation that as far back as Shakespeare's time the profession of the stage involved an occasional and perhaps a frequent change of locality on the part of its members. Certain it is that the chief actors of Denmark capital, like thousands of their profession of our own day, found it necessary to make frequent visits among the rural populations in order to make both ends meet.

That these rural expeditions are attended with serious discomfort needs but little appeal to the experience of all concerned in them. Not many Winters ago one of our greatest American tragedians, supported by a full New York company, traveled through almost every little country town in the South, and in some places entirely without scenery and other necessary stage appointments. Just think of playing "King Lear" and "Richelieu" on a platform about wide enough for a band of negro minstrels, while on the rough brick wall at the back was a painting of the Merrimac by some rebel artist displaying the Merrimac firing into and sinking Uncle Sam's vessels off Fortress Monroe. It is hard for a tragedian with such surroundings to keep up his dignity and that of his profession; but there was money in it, and in that case dignity became of a secondary consideration.

Lear behind a shabby, muslin screen, shivering and shaking as he draws on his tights, loses cast and sinks to the level of "a poor forked animal—a mere unaccommodated man." People in rural districts make no distinction between a wax-figure show and a tragedy. To them everything in the way of amusement is a show, and all concerned—way of amusement is a show, and all concerned—showmen. This is a fearful classification for Bombastes Featherlungs, the star; but it is nevertheless applied, for all that. At best, such a life is very miserable and degrading, and one not at all calculated to raise an actor in his own esteem or in that of the more refined and intelligent public. It is a sorrowful fact, however, that many hundreds of the best actors in the profession are driven to this sort of life from sheer necessity. In most of the large cities public taste has so settled on burlesque, minstrel business, pantomime and variety entertainments that a regularly educated actor finds but little demand for his services.

The material of which most of these companies is composed is something fearful. The star is the main attraction, and it seems to make little difference to either the manager or the public how the rank-and-file of the company is made up. People whose theatrical experience is confined to the large cities have very little idea to what extent this system of humbug and deception is carried. The whole thing has been reduced by shrewd specimens to a financial certainties, success being only limited by the amount of misrepresentation employed. Flaming posters in all the colors of the rainbow, setting forth the merits of some "popular and talented artist" that nobody ever heard of before, and, having once seen, had no desire ever to see again, you will find similar blazonry at the depots from Maine to California, and all companies are organized and set in motion on a certain system known only to the initiated. An important person in such affairs is your advance-agent. This personage generally travels a week or ten days in advance of his company—a sort of dramatic vidette or skirmisher to feel the way for the main body. It frequently happens that on the same week two *bona-fide* first-class companies meet in the same place, and at such times the competition becomes very lively. In all the traveled towns the advance-agent will find a professional billposter—sometimes two or more. These individuals generally own every available fence, deserted house, and every point of advantage where a bill may be posted, and as they frequently the demands of these rural paper-hangers is something fabulous. I have known fifty and sometimes a hundred dollars to be paid these persons for a monopoly of the posting places for the purpose of keeping other parties out. This is considered a smart move on the part of the agent, and, by being repeated on certain lines of travel, will frequently compel a company to make ruinous jumps ahead or be driven off the track altogether. The next duty of the agent is to secure the most available hall in the place, engage the most reasonable hotel accommodations for the company, and see that his advance bills are properly posted and distributed. Having completed these arrangements, he gives the word "go," and in a few days a second agent makes his appearance. This individual is professionally known as the "programme juggler" or "bill-slinger." And humble as are his duties, much depends on his honesty and industry for the success of the company he represents. In companies of limited numbers, the "bill-slinger" frequently alternates between bass-drummer in the band, doorkeeper, baggage-smasher and general utility-man on the stage. It has frequently been a puzzle to me as to where a man in these persons sleep, as they are generally sent about an some midnight train to bill the town in advance, and are back again next day in time for the evening performance.

In most of these places the term "theatre" seems to be studiously avoided. People who would avoid a theatre as they would a plague will go to a hall, an academy or an academy of music without the least damage to their fragile and easily-damaged morality. Picture an "opera-house" up three pair of stairs, or an "academy of music" over a country grocery, and you have a general idea of such places of entertainment. As a general thing, the rents of these dramatic temples are extravagantly high, ranging from twenty to fifty dollars, and in some places to seventy-five and even a hundred dollars a night.

A great evil in all these places is your country deadhead; for a chronic deadhead depends is your rural admirer of the drama. From the mayor of the town, to whom you pay tribute in the shape of exorbitant license, to the darky who holds the horses at the hotel, all expect to get into the *show* for nothing. Some of these dignitaries grow quite indignant if their right is for a moment questioned, and I have seen them frequently attempt to pass the doorkeeper without even condescending to look at him. It is often as good as a play to hear our big doorkeeper take these fellows down a peg.

"Who are you?—ticket!" he will cry, addressing a rather pompous individual with a nose elevated like a telescope taking a lunar observation, and in the act of passing by him.

"*Enquirer*," is the condescending response.

"Then I'll trouble you to inquire for a ticket at the box-office," replied the doorkeeper.

"But, sir, I represent the *Enquirer*."

"Well, sir, you don't press in here. We pay your press twice as much as you charge for your grocery advertisements, and in advance, at that; and as you have not given us a line of local notice, you have no claim on us, and cannot come in without paying."

Exit indignant *Enquirer*, with threats of a crusher in his next issue.

The smaller the place, as a general thing, the greater the number of chronic deadheads. Councilmen with their families, the billposter with a dissipated friend or two, the driver of the bus, and the man that smashes your trunk at the depot, the waiter who serves you with indigestible hash and homeopathic coffee, together with the entire household of the landlord and his family, including all the help that can be spared, all seem to think it "mighty mean" to be denied gratuitous admission to the show. In many places in the South and West I have seen doorkeepers severely beaten for daring to dispute the right of way to these liberal supporters of the rustic drama.

Dickens in his "Nicholas Nickleby" has given a life-like portraiture of a country circuit in England. The hearty reception of Manager Crummels, with the crowds of little boys heading him off to get a sight at the great man as he makes his way to the theatre with his wife upon his arm, the friendly interest manifested at his arrival, and the self-congratulation which culminates in the side speech to his wife: "Ah, Mrs. Crummels, this is indeed *fame!*" are all wanting in these days of money-grubbing, highning-trains and telegraphs. I have known whole companies of talented performers traverse the length and breadth of the country for an entire season, and receive no more attention or consideration than so many drovers or book-peddlers. Frequently, with all the instincts of a gentleman, with talent, education and a yearning for something better and higher in the scale of social humanity, the actor finds himself condemned to a life of toil, neglect and poverty, till, driven to despair by his degrading surroundings, he finally sinks to that level from which there is little hope to rise.

To the regularly educated professional with habits inculcated in better schools and more elevated surroundings, there is something dreadfully humiliating in all this. To add to his annoyance, he is frequently thrown in and compelled to associate with a certain class of ignorant sticks—mutts without education or refinement—murderers of the King's English, whose professional shortcomings are so painfully apparent every time they set foot upon the stage as to bring discredit and ridicule not only on themselves, but on the profession they represent. To the majority of this class the rules of grammar or of refined pronunciation are as a sealed book, and it frequently happens that the best-directed efforts of the true artist are brought into derision and contempt by the utter incompetency of these untutored and ridiculous ignoramuses.

While playing "Evadne" some years ago at the Bowery Theatre, I saw one of the most serious scenes in the play knocked into a cocked-hat by the misapplication of a single word. The gentleman who was playing Vincentio made his appearance on the scene, and, going to the door of Olivia's house, rang the bell. A tall, solemn-looking servant opened the door, and Vincentio inquired:

"Bides the Lady Olivia in her house?"

Servant with a profound bow, his head turned out, and pointing with his extended arm to the interior, gravely replied:

"She do, my lord."

Little as this may appear in print to excite the risibilities of an audience, there was something so profoundly funny in the rendering as to set the whole house in a giggle; and as the grave attendant bowed himself off, he was greeted with the most decided round of applause of the evening.

On another occasion, when C. W. Clarke was playing Tom Rakewell in "The Rake's Progress," the following incident occurred. At the end of the piece Rakewell dies in a madhouse. Chained to a post and struggling with his manacles, he expires in a fearful delirium, and is so discovered by the keeper just before the curtain falls. According to the book, the keeper kneels, raises Rakewell's head upon his knee, and exclaims: "He has bursted a vein." This is the last printed line in the piece. It is so happened that however, it is always omitted. It so happened that the person who usually played the keeper was sick, and the captain of the supers was sent on as a substitute. As the piece had been played so frequently, it was not thought necessary to notify the bold captain about the omission of the concluding line. You may imagine the horror of the stage-manager when the keeper, with a muffy attempt at the pathetic, informed the audience:

"He has busted a vein."

At another time, I saw a whole scene thrown off its centre by the following exit speech:

"I have been hunted down till I have no home but the wide worlds—no asylum but the grave! But let him beware! If ever the tyrant crosses my path again, death shall be his *proposition*."

One time, while Forrest was playing in Providence—the piece was "The Gladiator"—a slim-shanked fellow came rushing on, and, instead of saying: "The soldiers are surrounding the forum," he gasped out suddenly, forgetting the word forum: "Fly, fly, my lords! The soldiers are surrounding the *persimmon*." Perabulum sounded like a good Roman word, and from the marked approbation with which it was received I should judge it found more favor with the audience than would the original text.

Of such material are many of the traveling companies composed, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the more intelligent public treat their imbecile efforts with the neglect and contempt they deserve.

Some time ago, while traveling through the oil regions, I was very much amused at seeing an advertisement in a local paper referring to the town of Alamagoozlem? Where that town is situated I do not know, but the name has haunted me ever since. Kalamazoo was on our route, and was to be *taken in* in the course of a week or so. Kalamazoo and Alamagoozlem kept running through my brain so continually that they became a source of serious annoyance; but I found a temporary relief one evening by giving vent to the following couplet, which I gratuitously presented as a motto for many of the traveling companies:

"We travel about, and we'll bamboozle 'em
From Kalamazoo to Alamagoozlem."

FOREIGN THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

"THE CRIMSON CROSS."

This is the title of a "romance of French history," the joint work of Saville Rowe and E. Manuel, which was first acted on the opening night of the Adelphi Theatre season, London, Feb. 27.

The plot is laid in France during the reign of the mad King Charles VI., and is probably founded upon the assassination of the Duke of Orleans, the brother of his Majesty, brought about by the Duke of Burgundy, in the month of November, 1407. The opening scene is laid in the Castle of Vincennes, where Bajonnet, a faithful soldier of Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of France, patrols the walls and fortifications, followed by two men-at-arms. As they leave the stage Sir Boisredon, and Perrinet Leclerc meet with evident mystery, each being suspicious of the other until mutual recognition puts both at their ease. We then learn that Queen Isabel is estranged and parted from her royal husband, he at Vincennes, while she resides at Paris, influenced in his conduct to his wife by the counsels of Count D'Armagnac, Constable of France, who, as we are afterwards informed, has made overtures to the Queen, whose rejection by her has rendered her would-be lover her bitter enemy. De Boisredon has come from Paris to obtain an interview with Isabel, while Perrinet is bound for Vincennes in the hope of seeing the sweetheart, Jacqueline, who has been taken from her adopted parents by D'Armagnac, and appointed Maid of Honor to her Majesty, that the wily Constable may have a constant spy to report to him all the Queen does. Jacqueline, however, is faithful to her mistress; thus D'Armagnac gains nothing by his trick. Perrinet ascends the castle wall, and De Boisredon is about to follow him, when he is accosted by Chatelet, who comes to see him in the capacity of lieutenant of the castle. The causes a love-scene of much poetical beauty and very considerable power. They go off to the castle, but are at once succeeded on the stage by King Charles and D'Armagnac. The latter, as Prime Minister that the Queen wishes to have the Chevalier De Boisredon appointed Captain of the Castle of Vincennes, a statement that D'Armagnac sees to arouse the husband's jealousy. The old monarch's rage is easily kindled, and in its heat De Boredon returns, singing a love song, and giving but scant respect to his Majesty. Challenged by Charles, he deftly maintains his want of reverence, and as he leaves the King drives off the guard sent for his arrest and remand to the prison of the Grand Chatelet, reserving a fatuity very much less severe for the Queen should her guilt be proved. Returned to the Castle, Isabel instructs Perrinet, who has in vain been in search of Jacqueline. At first suspected, he at last, by means of his sweetheart's praise of him, succeeds in inspiring her Majesty with confidence in the young lover, to whom he is introduced. While they speak a clash of arms is heard, and, looking from the window, they see the Queen's soldiers overpowered, and D'Armagnac, accompanied by the King's archers, crossing the courtyard. D'Armagnac enters as Perrinet hides himself by means of a secret door, and then announces his orders to arrest the Queen, giving the tidings of De Boisredon's arrest and committal to the Chatelet. Perrinet, who has been in search of Jacqueline at the moment that she may confide to Perrinet the task of returning to Paris to ascertain by some means if her lover be at least alive; and Perrinet engages to learn this, agreeing to meet the Queen a cross (if De Boisredon should still be in existence, and a dagger in case he has perished. The young fellow lowers himself from the window and escapes across the moat of the Castle, and, with the anxiety of the Queen and Jacqueline on his account set at rest, and the arrest of her Majesty, the act closes. When the curtain rises again is authors direct us to Paris, and we find that the people are in anticipation of the triumphal procession of D'Armagnac in celebration of the downfall of the Queen. An interest of this act may be said to centre in Perrinet and De Boisredon, and in the device of the latter to obtain the deliverance of the unlucky victim of D'Armagnac's vengeance. The students' riot, which occurs in consequence of the rumor of the prisoner being a scholar of Cluny, is a stirring piece of business, when Boredon, a soldier, is set with D'Armagnac, in opposition to his virago wife, who sides with the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy (the former espousing the cause of Orleans). In the midst of the confusion the Queen orders the release of De Boisredon, in which De Boisredon is confined, a circumstance which serves Perrinet in his chivalrous devotion to the Queen. The young armorer tells Bornibus that he has been sent to relieve him, giving the latter a hint to be present in concealment, "King of France," and the citizens will willingly enough relinquish his post and surrender his halberd to his substitute that he may rush away to the aid of his friends. Perrinet now himself, a friendly boatman on the river, whom he commissions to bear to the Queen the cross or dagger which will convey to her the news of good or bad, for which her lover's fate hangs in the balance. He is surprised by Duchastel, a King's officer, and D'Armagnac, who come from the Chatelet, the latter having in vain attempted to make De Boisredon criminate the Queen. D'Armagnac savagely orders Duchastel to give him eight blows on the back with the flat part of their swords, representing the brutality by compelling his father, Leclerc, to be one of the St. Germain gate of Paris, who comes to plead for his son, and to whom the order is given. From this time Perrinet has a personal wrong to avenge, in addition to having a Queen to defend. The interview with Jacqueline that shortly follows his outrage informs him that De Boisredon is about to be executed at the Chatelet, and he uses the opportunity which soon occurs, when De Boisredon is left bound with the jailor, who is waiting at his prisoner's removal. Perrinet knocks the jailor down, binds De Boisredon's hands, throws the cross to the boatman, that he may carry the good tidings of her lover's escape to the Queen, he himself seeking safety in flight. But D'Armagnac surprises the prisoner and, stabbing him, leaves him for dead. The next act finds the Queen in her tent, assailed by D'Armagnac, who presses to her to sever her alliance with Perrinet, who is then brought in under condition the life of De Boisredon. The Queen doubts the fact of her lover being still alive; but the reception of the cross from Perrinet convinces her upon this subject, and she consents to the marriage of Jacqueline, throughout the present warlike attempt. D'Armagnac has, however, scarcely left her when Perrinet comes to her tent with the sad news he has to tell. He asks her to give him peace with D'Armagnac, and Jacqueline, who has seen the Burgundian army into Paris by the gate of which her father is the keeper. In the next scene this is done, by such a compilation of contrivances, and besieged by many half-breadth escapes, that its actions is interrupted for a moment until the Burgundian soldiers, with Queen Isabel on horseback, enter by the St. Germain Gate. The last act shows the overthrow of the Orleans party, the reconciliation of Charles VI and his unhappy Queen, and the death of D'Armagnac at the hands of Perrinet, who with his dagger marks that cross upon the enemy's breast that the latter had made the sole object of his life. Of the list of their swords upon the Armorer's back, the most conspicuous was Nellsen as the Queen, Miss Compton as Jacqueline, Henry Neville as Perrinet, Herman Vezin as D'Armagnac, and R. Paleman as Bornibus.

"LE PETIT HOTRE."

a one-act comedy, by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, was produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, recently. The story is as follows:

A bijou villa on Mt. de la Marsillere's pretty little mansion is advertised to the public that it is in the market. The owner, a jolly bachelor on the shady side of forty-five, has resolved, not without some regret, on leaving a house that has for so many years sheltered his gayer days, and has made up his mind to become a Benedict, the irresistible charms of the fascinating Madame De Pietro-Nera being the cause of this decision. That lady would not live in a bijou dwelling of such Lilliputian proportions; and, besides, La Marsillere has certain scruples about installing his wife in a house that had hitherto been consecrated to the considerable degree to the bachelor recluse. It is true that the elderly bean exploins the reasons why he has placed the little mansion on sale to a fashionable young gentleman, M. Louis De Boismartin, who has come to inspect it. The latter has returned from a trip through Italy, where he was on the point of marrying a pretty widow, but at the last moment the affair was broken off, and he thinks La Marsillere's house is just the one in which he can spend the honeymoon. The widow is just the one in which he can spend the honeymoon. The widow is also in Paris, and M. de Boismartin is inspecting the rooms a lady visitor loves, and the owner presses to shew her also over the place. She is a very young widow, Madame Antonia De Cernay by name, who had recently only eight days of married life, and during these she had a rather sad experience of what strut certain husbands are made. She had, however, discovered on the third that hers was decidedly the shamefully, and on the fourth he had lost his cruel fought; on behalf of some notorious demi-mondaine. Antoinette is naturally disgusted with the matrimonial state, and she also deems a little mansion belonging to La Marsillere, a which she can lead like the recluse. As you may imagine, she and Boismartin encounter each other whereupon ensues a mysteries and applications of reservatives, in the course of which Boismartin explains to the owner of the house is quite at a loss to understand the singular affair, as the lady is none other than the youthful widow who had been on the point of marrying in Italy. La Marsillere still in the dark, clearly conveys, by his expressive attitude, a desire to be more fully enlightened as to the marriage had been broken off whereupon the lady, who evidently recovers her voice at the idea that Boismartin is to be beheaded with her explanation, comes with the more amazing animation and volubility to throw light on the cause of its rupture. This recital is most amusing, interrupted as it is by constant comments and contortions from Boismartin, and given by the lady with a nervous, irritable leaney which soon reaches a crisis point. All had gone smoothly until the very end of the marriage, when Madame in the presence of the priest, refused to be invited to include in the list of persons to be invited to the affair, at which the contract was to be signed, the name of a person known to all Paris, who had bestowed her favors on the entire universe, Boismartin included; none other than the notorious Madame De Pietro-Nera! You can imagine La Marsillere's stupefaction at hearing this charge against the lady he was about to marry. Madame Antonia explains fully enough from her reputation, or rather her want of any reputation, and he cries out immediately to have the bill taken down. The little hotel is no longer in the market, and La Marsillere will never wed, since there could not be a good place for reconciliation of the kind, and they will take of La Marsillere's hands the spacious mansion in which he was to install a widow with the above name. Mlle. Jeanne Samary appeared as Madame De Cernay, Thiron as La Marsillere, and Coquelin as Boismartin.

"LA MARQUISE IRS RUES,"

a comic-opera by M. Herve, words by MM. Grisac and Hirsch, has been brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris.

The period selected by the authors for their action is that of the Second Restoration. The Marquis des Rues is a fortune-teller, magician favor with the Pompadour and fortune-teller, magician favor with the Pompadour and confidence. Why this distinguished title for such a being I really cannot explain, at it has descended in a direct manner to a very charming girl whom he has established in a house that had hitherto been consecrated to the bachelor recluse. It is true that the elderly beau explains the reasons why he has placed the little mansion on sale to a fashionable young gentleman, M. Louis De Boismartin, who has come to inspect it. The latter has returned from a trip through Italy, where he was on the point of marrying a pretty widow, but at the last moment the affair was broken off, and he thinks La Marsillere's house is just the one in which he can spend the honeymoon. The widow is also in Paris, and M. de Boismartin is inspecting the rooms a lady visitor loves, and the owner presses to shew her also over the place. She is a very young widow, Madame Antonia De Cernay by name, who had recently only eight days of married life, and during these she had a rather sad experience of what strut certain husbands are made. She had, however, discovered on the third that hers was decidedly the shamefully, and on the fourth he had lost his cruel fought; on behalf of some notorious demi-mondaine. Antoinette is naturally disgusted with the matrimonial state, and she also deems a little mansion belonging to La Marsillere, a which she can lead like the recluse. As you may imagine, she and Boismartin encounter each other whereupon ensues a mysteries and applications of reservatives, in the course of which Boismartin explains to the owner of the house is quite at a loss to understand the singular affair, as the lady is none other than the youthful widow who had been on the point of marrying in Italy. La Marsillere still in the dark, clearly conveys, by his expressive attitude, a desire to be more fully enlightened as to the marriage had been broken off whereupon the lady, who evidently recovers her voice at the idea that Boismartin is to be beheaded with her explanation, comes with the more amazing animation and volubility to throw light on the cause of its rupture. This recital is most amusing, interrupted as it is by constant comments and contortions from Boismartin, and given by the lady with a nervous, irritable leaney which soon reaches a crisis point. All had gone smoothly until the very end of the marriage, when Madame in the presence of the priest, refused to be invited to include in the list of persons to be invited to the affair, at which the contract was to be signed, the name of a person known to all Paris, who had bestowed her favors on the entire universe, Boismartin included; none other than the notorious Madame De Pietro-Nera! You can imagine La Marsillere's stupefaction at hearing this charge against the lady he was about to marry. Madame Antonia explains fully enough from her reputation, or rather her want of any reputation, and he cries out immediately to have the bill taken down. The little hotel is no longer in the market, and La Marsillere will never wed, since there could not be a good place for reconciliation of the kind, and they will take of La Marsillere's hands the spacious mansion in which he was to install a widow with the above name. Mlle. Jeanne Samary appeared as Madame De Cernay, Thiron as La Marsillere, and Coquelin as Boismartin.

THE VAULT THE BANK BUILT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

This is the vault the Bank built.
This is the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the festive burglar who laid for the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the policeman on duty that morn who searched for the festive burglar who laid for the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the bar-room around the corn-
Er, which escaped the policeman on duty that morn who searched for the festive burglar who laid for the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the stranger who took a horn
In the bar-room just around the corn-
Er, which escaped the policeman on duty that morn who searched for the festive burglar who laid for the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the bar-room around the corn-
Er, which escaped the policeman on duty that morn who searched for the festive burglar who laid for the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built.
This is the stranger who took a horn
In the bar-room just around the corn-
Er, which escaped the policeman on duty that morn who searched for the festive burglar who laid for the aged janitor who was entrusted with the combination that secured the cash that lay in the vault the Bank built!
—M. C.

BASEBALL.

THE NATICK CLUB.

THE club, which was organized in April, 1878, played some good games last season, as will be seen by the record of their single-figure contests for 1878. Their last contest was a tie-game with the champions of New England, the New Bedfords, the score standing 4 to 4 at the end of the eleventh inning, the New Bedfords then leaving to take the train.

VICTORIES.

May 4, Natick vs. Lincoln	6	to 2
July 4, Natick vs. Waltham	7	3
July 27, Natick vs. U. M. C. of Clarkstown	9	1
Aug. 1, Natick vs. Lincoln	9	6
Aug. 10, Natick vs. Ætna of Boston	7	1
Aug. 21, Natick vs. Boston College	9	3
DEFEATS.		
June 26, Ætna vs. Natick	9	7
June 29, Boston College vs. Natick	5	4
Aug. 3, Boston College vs. Natick	4	3
Aug. 14, Hudson vs. Natick	4	3
Sept. 17, Hudson vs. Natick	1	0

The following are the Natick Club averages for 1878:

	BATTING AV'GS.					FIELDING AV'GS.				
	Games.	Innings.	At Bat.	Total Runs.	Total Base Hits.	Put Outs.	Assisted.	Errors.	Chances.	Fielding Av'ge.
Cox, c., 1. f., s. s.	13	47	186	42	.269	245	85	25	355	.929
Coolidge, 2b., 1b.	29	33	141	40	.284	112	63	23	198	.884
Dunham, 1b., 2b.	29	33	141	40	.284	112	63	23	198	.884
Porter, c., 1. f., 1b., p.	25	22	118	26	.220	178	60	20	255	.921
Lamb, 3b., 1. f.	30	22	140	29	.207	51	47	34	132	.742
Barr, 2b., c. f., c.	25	19	108	29	.268	45	18	9	72	.875
Holden, 1. f., c. f., p.	21	19	91	23	.252	41	18	9	68	.868
Gill, 3b., s. s.	21	17	90	17	.188	26	67	21	114	.815
Hemenway, s. s. r. f.	34	26	142	26	.183	37	24	18	76	.802
Donnellon, 1b.	13	11	63	11	.175	94	3	3	100	.970
Chabala, 1. f., p.	11	8	43	8	.186	4	33	5	47	.893
Bergh, c., 1. f.	7	4	29	10	.344	66	14	16	96	.833
Driscoll, p., 1b.	7	5	33	10	.303	9	64	17	90	.811
Tierney, s. s.	4	4	18	4	.333	4	10	3	17	.726
Totals		262	1309	324	.247	916	622	220	1758	.875

THE LEAGUE SCORING RULES.

The following are the scoring rules which are to govern the scorers of the eight League clubs—and none other—during 1879.

SECTION 1. The first item in the tabulated score, after the player's name and position, shall be the number of times he has been at bat during the game. Any time or times where he has been sent to base on called balls shall not be included in this column.

SEC. 2. In the second column shall be set down the runs made by each player.

SEC. 3. In the third column should be placed the first-base hits made by each player. A base-hit should be scored in the following cases:

When the ball first touches the bat strikes the ground between the foul lines and out of reach of the fielders.

When a hit is partially or wholly stopped by a fielder in motion; but such player cannot recover himself in time to handle the ball, and throw to first base in season.

When the ball is hit so sharply to an infielder that he cannot handle it in time to put out a man. In case of doubt over this class of hits, score a base-hit and exempt fielder from the charge of an error.

When a ball is hit so slowly towards a fielder that he cannot reach it before the batsman is safe.

SEC. 4. *In the fourth column should be placed to the credit of each player the number of times he reaches first base during the game, whether upon hits, errors, called balls, or in any other way where he is not put out.*

SEC. 5. The number of opponents put out by each player shall be set down in the fifth column. Where a striker is given out by the umpire for a foul strike or because he struck out of his turn, the put-out shall be scored to the catcher.

SEC. 6. The number of times a player assists shall be set down in the sixth column. An assist should be given to each player who handles the ball in a run-out or other play of the kind.

An assist should be given to the pitcher when a batsman fails to hit the ball on the third strike.

An assist should be given to the pitcher in each case where the batsman is declared out for making a foul strike or striking out.

An assist should be given to a player who makes a play in time to put a runner out, even if the player who should complete the play fails through no fault of the player assisting.

And, generally an assist should be given to each player who handles the ball from the time it leaves the bat until it reaches the player who finishes the play, as in case of a thrown ball, to each player who throws or handles it cleanly, and in such a way that a put-out results, or would result if no error were made by the receiver.

SEC. 7. An error should be charged for each muff or mis-play which allows the striker or base-runner to make one or more bases, when perfect play would have insured his being put out. In scoring errors off batted balls see Section 3 of this article.

The above rules, it will be seen, still retain those clauses which credit pitchers with a fielding assistance when a batsman strikes out. The rules for recording base-hits are correct. In the case of a batsman given out on foul strikes, the credit for the play is given to the pitcher, as is the character of the hit. In many instances foul strikes have been made when the ball has been hit to a fielder, and either been caught out on the batsman or some base-runner has been thrown out. To credit the catcher with a put-out under such circumstances is absurd. We see nothing about charging a put-out when no error is called in ball, except indirectly in Section 7. It has been utterly impossible to judge of the fielding skill of pitchers by the records of the season of 1878, owing to the great number of assistances allowed them on the striking out of batsmen.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS OF 1879.

THE LEAGUE TEAMS.

The following are the names and positions of the League club teams for 1879, the names being the same as contained in the League book, and the positions those assigned them by the local journals of each city. We give the clubs in alphabetical order.

BOSTON.		
Snyder, c.	Dickinson, l. f.	McGeary, 2d b.
Bond, p.	Hotaling, c. f.	Hagoe, 3d b.
Morrill, 1st b.	Kelly, r. f.	Geo. Wright, s. s.
Burdock, 2d b.	CHICAGO.	York, l. f.
Sutton, 3d b.	Flint, c.	Hines, c. f.
Houck, s. s.	Larkin, p.	Jas. O'Rourke, r. f.
Jones, l. f.	Anson, 1st b.	SYRACUSE.
John O'Rourke, c. f.	Quest, 2d b.	*Dorgan, c.*
C. Foley, r. f.	Williamson, 3d b.	*McCormick, p.*
BUFFALO.	Peters, s. s.	Carpenter, 1st b.
J. Clapp, c.	Dalrymple, l. f.	Farrell, 2d b.
Galvin, p.	Hankinson, c. f.	Allen, 3d b.
Pfeffer, 1st b.	Schafer, r. f.	Richardson, s. s.
Downing, 1st b.	CLEVELAND.	M. Mansell, l. f.
Fulmer, 2d b.	Kennedy, c.	Purcell, c. f.
Richardson, 3d b.	J. McCormick, p.	Macullar, r. f.
Force, s. s.	Phillips, 1st b.	TROY.
Crowley, l. f.	tr or, 2d b.	C. Reilley, c.
Eggler, c. f.	Glassock, 3d b.	Bradley, p.
McGunnigle, r. f.	Carey, s. s.	A. Clapp, 1st b.
CINCINNATI.	W. Kiley, l. f.	Hawkes, 2d b.
J. White, c.	Warner, c. f.	*Doscher*, 3d b.
W. White, p.	Eden, r. f.	Caskins, s. s.
McVey, 1st b.	PROVIDENCE.	Thos. Mansell, l. f.
Sarver, 2d b.	Brown, c.	A. Hall, c. f.
Gerhardt, 3d b.	Ward, p.	Evans, r. f.
Burke, s. s.	Start, 1st b.	

Those names in italics are CLIPPER prize winners.

The nines, of the National Association—champion for 1879, are as follows:

ALBANY.		BOSTON.	
Keenan, c.		Winchester, 2d b.	O'Leary, l. f.
Critchley, p.		Chanor, 3d b.	Pike, c. f.
Tobin, 1st b.		Farbidy, s. s.	Cassidy, r. f.
Dunlap, 2d b.		Gillespie, l. f.	UTICA.
Barns, 3d b.		W. Sullivan, c. f.	Dolan, c.
Hay, s. s.		Dorgan, r. f.	Purroy, p.
Hanlon, l. f.		MANCHESTER.	McGuinness, 1st b.
Thomas, c. f.		Rowan, c.	Dinnen, 2d b.
Ricap, r. f.		Leary, p.	Battin, 3d b.
CAPITAL CITY.		Dogwell, 1st b.	Dailey, s. s.
Allson, c.		Sweasy, 3d b.	Kennedy, l. f.
Ocrey, p.		Morrisey, 3d b.	Mack, c. f.
McKinnon, 1st b.		Woodhead, s. s.	Alcott, r. f.
Hallahan, 2d b.		Tipper, l. f.	WASHINGTON.
Scafer, 3d b.		Wood, c. f.	Trott, c.
Leonard, s. s.		Kelly, r. f.	Lynch, p.
Manning, l. f.		SPRINGFIELD.	Dallas, 1st b.
Numan, c. f.		Powers, c.	Farrell, 2d b.
Higham, r. f.		Goldsmith, p.	Ellick, 3d b.
HOLYOKE.		Latham, 1st b.	McClellan, s. s.
Malone, c.		Crane, 2d b.	Holly, l. f.
Sullivan, p.		Brad b.	Baker, c. f.
Powell, 1st b.		Ferguson, s. s.	Derby, r. f.

The other nines are the Worcesters and New Bedfords, which are not complete yet, as the position of the New Bedfords is uncertain, and the Worcester team are not all engaged.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.

On March 12 the first practice game of the season on Atlantic city fields was played, the occasion being a meeting of professionals residing in Philadelphia, and hailing respectively from the upper and lower sections of that city, who gathered in force on the rough filled-up ground at the Tucker-street wharf. There was no other place at command, but as the weather was mild and the players were fired-hot to get into ball-tossing again, they took the best chance they could get, and the result was a hard hitting and rather poor fielding game, won by the downtown professionals. The contest was worthy of note as being the first match of the season. Score:

DOWNTOWN.	R.	1B.	2B.	3B.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Williamson, c.	2	3	1	1	3	Richardson, c.	2	4	4	0	3
Bradley, p.	0	1	0	1	0	Devlin, p.	0	1	0	4	0
Stovey, 1st b.	1	2	0	0	2	Abadie, 1st b.	1	1	14	1	2
Hardy, 2b.	0	1	0	0	1	Dunlap, 2d b.	0	2	3	0	0
Berthelet, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0	Wiley, s. s.	0	2	1	0	1
Rocap, s.	0	0	0	0	0	Fulmer, 3d b.	0	2	1	4	2
O'Neil, 2d b.	1	0	0	2	3	Fulmer, 2d b.	0	2	1	4	2
Richmond, s. s.	0	2	1	0	1	Crowley, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Stovey, l. f.	0	1	0	0	1	Higgins, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Knight, r. f.	0	4	0	0	0	Miller, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	4	16	2	4	11	Totals	4	15	24	14	10

Uptowns	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Downtowns	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	4

Runs earned—Uptowns, 0; Downtowns, 2. Two

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

BY A STRICTLY ENFORCED rule, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the fee of twocents allowed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent delays.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters remained for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, March 17.

LADIES' LIST.

Annetta, Mlle.
Antonio, Tillie
Aldine, Linda
Allen, Georgie (actress)
Allen, Madam (glass-blower)
Adams, Charlotte
Anderson, Mad. (p. m. Lincoln, Eng.)
Brennan, Emma
Brandon, Kate (actress)
Bannon, Nellie
Bliss, Mattie
Bennett, Emma
Bretto, Emma
Buckingham, Fannie
Bale (2)
Banker, Carrie
Blanchard, Kittie
Barnum, Mrs. L. B.
Booth, Mrs. Lydia
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Bowman, Alice
Chanfrau & Co., Henrietta
Cordella & Victor
Chaptioneer, Lillian
Cassell, Mrs. F.
Clark, Miss M. E. (late of Binghamton, N. Y.)
Carlwarte, Mrs.
Mimnie
Constantine, Mrs Eveline
Carreno, Teresa
Collins, Mrs. (late Raymond)
Camarra, Mazie
Davenport, Fanny (specialist)
Dye, Frankie (with Reynolds' Sisters)
DeLange, Minnie
Davenport, Lou (late of Her-man's Thea.)
DeEll, Birdie (song-and-dance)
Ellis, Lillie (vocal
Elberts, Kittie B.
Etta, Mlle.
Fox, Lillian
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Glenn, Carrie (of Glenn Sisters)
Grooger, Ella
Georgie, Miss (of (Jennie Deghne' Co.)
Gibbons, Jennie (of Gibbons' Min.)
Goss, Mrs. J.
Girard, Ida M. R. (of Hess' Op. Co.)
Hallett, Alta
Howard, Lillian (of Arcad. Mus., Chicago)
Hall, Grace (of Adams' Dram. Co.)
Hindle, Annie (2)
Heywood, Nellie (of Templeton's Co.)
Herard, Gertie (of Comique, Cleveland)
Harris, Maude
Hamilton, May (of Comique, Washington D. C.)
Isaacs, Ada
Johnson, Josie (vocalist)
Jourdan, Miss A.
Kay, Minnie (vocalist)
Kane, Georgie (of Bennett & Kane)
Kemble, Frankie
Kent, Fannie
Kimball, Jennie
Lee, Mrs. H. C. (of Orrin Bros. Co.)
Lester, Louise (Saxophone "bis")
Leigh, Miss G. (care Mr. Leavitt)
Lucille, Fannie
Markham, Pauline
McGilery, Helen (late of Detroit, Mich.)
Moore, Flora
Maretta, Millie (gymnast)
McGibery, Mrs. H. S.
McLachlan, Marcellaine
Mallon, Mrs. Katie
Montrose, Mlle.
Merrittmet, Ada
Murray, Alice
Maussey, Ida (2)
Merton, Miss B.
McKean, Gabriella
Misco, Mrs. Jennie
Nealy, Jas. (song-and-dance)
Newcombe, Bobby
Omohondro, J. S. (2)
Oakes, Burt (manager)
Plaisted, F. A.
Pendleton, Chas. N. (2)
Parks, John J.
Parker, Prof (2)
Pastor, Tony Hess' Op. Co.)
Page, W. (of Davey's Dram. Co.)
Price, Wally
Potter, W. J.
Panelleton, Chas.
Pfaff, Henry
Quinn, Charlie (old man "bis")
Ring, Geo. S.
Raverly, J. H.
Rowe, Dick
Rosebrook, H. (of Ronaldo Bros.)
Riker, R. A.
Ross, Dave (song-and-dance)
Rice, Col. (of Wallace-Villa Co.)
Ryan, S. J.
Sisters, Bronson
Ryan, T. J.
Rooney, Pat (2)
Runnells, Burnell (2)
Robinson, H. (of Wallack's Tripoli.
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Rhinehart, Sam
Rogers, Tim
Sydams, The
Selden, Irwin (2)
Scanlan, W. S.
St. Ormond, Harry (2)
Satsuma, —
Storm, Max (musician)
Sawye, A. W.
Sarony, Gilbert
Shaffer, O. (of Shaffer & Bell)
Swonsbourne, Chas. H. Ile.
Sweet, J. D.
Swanson, E. (of Coliseum, Toledo)
Sprague, J. M.
Sadler, T. (of Haverly's Minst.) (2)
Smith, J.
Southland, W. H. (actor)
Saulsbury's Troubador's, Manag.)
Sangree, Miss
Shewles, J. J.
Seeley, Chas. W.
Sprague, Dan D.
Spaulding, W. P.
Smith, S. A.
Slavin, M. H.
Steven, J. Ogden
Seamon & Somers
Smith, S. (of Annaschek's Co.)
Scanlan & Cronin
Sheppard, Patsey
Swain, S. C.
Shaw, Gus
Topley, Billy
Thompson, John (comedian)
Thompson, J. H. (manager)
Turner, Dick (2)
Taylor, Billy (of Campbell's Circus)
Tolliedo, J.
Thomas, Irwin
Templeton, John
Traynor, Frank
Trudell, Louis (of Coliseum, Toledo)
Thompson, John
Talbott, Harry (p. m. London, Eng.)
Vetocelli, H.
Verso, Jas. D.
Vaughan, Al. (p. o. Wrexham, Eng.) &c.
VanAmburgh & Co.
Whitney, Leon F.
Williams (2)
Withers, Jos. (of Barnum's Circus)
Washburn, R. S.
Wood, Billy (of Harris & Wood)
Wilkinson, Thos. (manager) &c.
Wren, Fred R.
Wilhelm, August
Wood, A. P. (agent)
Walker, Dan (of Emerson's Minst.)
Weaver, John
White, Cool
Wood, Jos., Willie
Warfield, Tom
Ward & Keeler
White, Frank (co-median)
Walling, Dave (of Wildman's Theo.)
Wood, Billy
Williams & Sullivan
Victorelli, Walter
Whiting, Chas. (of Pastor's Co.)
Ward, Fred
Wesendorf, Robt.
Weston, R. S. (of Clayton & Weston)
Ward, Tom (of Ward Bros.)
Webb, J. H.
Williams, C. (of Mayo & Williams)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Armstrong, H. (of Acad. Music, Chicago)
Aaron, Johnny
Andre, E. A.
Avery, Frank
Allen, T. D.
Aymar, W. F.
Ashton, J. R.
Aspinwall, W. F.
Austin, Mize (late of Miner's Thea.)
Adams, Samuel
Allen, Chas. O.
Beckwith, Harry
Bland, Jas.
Bryant, Jas. J. (5)
Burdsall, W. H.
Brooks, Ellis L. (3)
Burgen, Cool (2)
Barry, Wm.
Belmont, Ned
Browne, E. (of Pomeroy's Co.)
Barnum, Master (2)
"Bell"
Bray, W. H.
Bliss, Geo. L. (of Barnum's Circus)
Bennett, F. (of Bennett & Kaine)
Bateller & Doris (2)
Bowles, Frank
Brink, E. H.
Barlow, H. C.
Brennan, M. M.
Brazier, Geo. R. (3)
Baird, J. W. (2)
Blaney, Frank
Barsour, Ed.
Brazzier, L. P.
Cotton, Frank (comedian)
Combs, Geo. Poole Sc.
Clarke, Kit
Carlisle, A. H.
Clare, Eli P.
Chapman, Frank
Chace, Billy (comedian)
Carson, Jr., Kit
Clark, G. M.
Coney, T. (of Coliseum, Toledo, O.)
Campana, Napoleon
Cunningham, A. H.
Cable, G. (of 5th Ave. Thea., N. Y.)
Cleta, John
Cecil, A. A.
Cole, Leon (late of Bradford, Pa.)
Clifton, F. S.
Cooper, C. C.
Campbell, Wood
Conner, A. (of Tayleure's Co.)
Carter, M. Master James
Cahill, W. B. (comedian)
Clark, S. G. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Conner, W. (of John McCullough's Co.)
Constantine, Sig. C. (2)
Dad. Master (with Sears Bros.)
Dean, Robt. (of Hess' Op. Co.)
Dupree, G. H.
Duncan, H. C.
Davies, Homer (circus-manager)
Davenport, Chas. A.
Day, Billy O.
Dillon, Jas & Susie
Delehanty & Heng-ler
Doty, J. A.
Dayton, Tommy
Douglas, Geo.
Daniels, Wm.
Dixon, Thos. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Denport, Harry
Dixon, Chas. A. (2, 15c.
Day, C. H.
Doud, Frank
Davidson, H. (of Pomeroy's Co.)
Dunn, J. C. (of Genev. Rogers' Co.)
Edwards, H. (Ghost Show)
Eades, Harry
Emmet, J. K. (2)
Earle & Tobin (2)
Emerson, Billy
Ellis, H. A.
Franckum, G. W. (3)
Fielding, Harry
Fursman, G. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.) (2)
Forsyth, G. K.
Foy, P. C. (p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Fox & Clifton
Foote, Wm. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Frost, Hyatt
Fagan, Harry
Frohman, Gustave
Gaston, Albert
Gorman, J. E.
Grosh, E. H.
Gorman, Eugene
Gerry, D. S.
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OUR CALIFORNIA ADVICES, dated San Francisco, March 8, are as appended:

Apart from the question of the right or wrong of its portrayal, there has never been a production upon the boards of any theatre a play of deeper and more absorbing interest than "The Passion," which received its first representation at the Grand Opera-house March 3. Were it not for the torrents of rain which have fallen almost steadily since its production, there is not a doubt of the success of the play. The initial performance was witnessed by a large and intelligent audience, who, sitting spell-bound and motionless during each successive solemn and impressive scene, at the termination of each act testified their approbation by long-continued applause. Until 7, when the play was produced in its entirety, the last acts, showing the crucifixion and descent from the cross, were omitted in deference to the feelings of the press and clergy, who deemed it their meetings, and the play terminated with the scene in which Jesus, bleeding and crowned with thorns, is condemned by Pontius Pilate to death. The production of the play has created an intense feeling among religious people, who bitterly denounced and condemned the author and manager for daring to presume to think of producing what they deemed a wanton assault on the sanctity of the holiest mysteries of the Christian religion. The Hebrew element called upon the manager and requested him to suppress the play, and were refused the request. They thereupon introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor to exhibit or take any part in exhibiting, in any manner or at any other place where money is charged for admission, any play, performance, or representation calculated to exhibit or ridicule the life and death of Jesus Christ, or any play, performance or representation calculated to profane or degrade religion, and aimed at tending to profane or degrade religion, and making any person violating any provisions of the act guilty of a misdemeanor, to be punished upon conviction by a fine of more than $1,000 or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both as the person may elect. The bill was passed through the Assembly in the present cast of "Passion" are completed. Miss Baldwin's 10 in order to support Miss Ristings, and as the author refuses to allow the production of his play with any other cast, it will be produced for the last time 9. The cast has been the same as that presented on a former letter, save the substitution of Mary Wilkes as the Virgin Mary for Miss Rose Wood, to whom the part was originally assigned. Mr. O'Neil had overthing to lose and nothing to gain by allowing himself to be cast for Our Saviour, and his impersonation has been by far the best of the engagement. Mr. Conway severely condemned by many of his friends. Mr. Morse intends ere long to produce his version of one of the Eastern theatres.....Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels have attracted but slim audiences to Baldwin's. They will be succeeded by Miss Rose Eytinge, who will make her appearance in Charles Reade's tings, who will make her appearance in Charles Reade's adaptation of "Peg Woffington," supported by the full strength of the Baldwin Company. "Kate Peyton," a dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt," will be produced by Mr. Conway with the following strong engagement. Miss Rose Wood will return to New York, although an engagement for next season was offered her. Messrs. O'Neil and Morrison have been engaged for another year at this theatre. The terms are satisfactory to the gentlemen concerned and the to the satisfaction of the management. Miss Rose Cochlan and Nina Varian have signed contracts, and will make their first appearance at this theatre at the close of the present engagement.....The Miss Cochlans made their first appearance at New York on the California 3, in "Mother and Son." With the exception of Miss Fanny Morant and Mrs. Marie Wilkins, the company is engaged for the week. Mother and Son" will continue during the coming week The Hon. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") will commence a two weeks' engagement 24 with his drama of "The Knights of the Plains" on April 7. This theatre will be closed one week for repairs. On its reopening Dion Boucicault will play a brief engagement.....Business has been only fair at the Bush-street Theatre, where the Weathersby's Parlor Comedians are performing "Ramon." Last week, the last of the engagement, "Hobbies" and "The Ramblers" will be offered as farewell attractions. N. C. Goodwin Jr. will take a benefit 13. The Hyers Sisters will present "Out of Bondage" 17.....Lotta's matrimonial partnership troubles and a poor performance have been the principal reasons for the slim attendance at the Standard during the week. Zitella's appearance in her lightning changes and songs, and as heretofore, was received with enthusiasm. "Our Innocent Pastor," Living Art Pictures, and the genuine Parisian Cancan will be produced.....Business has been very good at the Bella Union. "Fonda Bella" and "Broken Hearts" Mollie Burdan and Jessie Lewis made their first appearance 3. The olio was excellent, as usual, and comprised specialties by Charley Reed, Richmond Sisters, Cummings and Harrington, Valdi Sisters, Parti Rosa, Flora Franks, Nera Vernon, the Ransones, and a host of minor talent. As Jasper Vandyke and Alice, F. G Mandier and Miss Rena gave proof of their excellence in "Alice, Where Art Thou?" The crowded houses are nightly in attendance at the Adelphi, where the Victoria Loftus Troupe are still the success. Though "Blackeyed Susan" has taken well, the management will shortly produce "Selim, or the Lily of Abydos," in order to add to the variety of the entertainment. Prior to going East, Miss Rose Wood will take a benefit, appearing in Howard P. Taylor's new play of "The Second Wife." The last week will be sold the lady's new five-act drama called "Pigeon the Tormentor."....Jean Burnside is busily engaged on her domestic comedy "Sweet Home," which she expects to produce at one of our theatres in the coming season.....Ben Kirk is still an invalid with pneumonia in the French Hospital. Not withstanding a relapse, he is mending slowly and surely.....George Reynolds, G. W. Cogill and Charles Kohler are engaged at the Bella Union Theatre.....LATER.—On March 9.....W. H. Fitzgerald was offered a twelve weeks' engagement with the Weatherby Frolicues; but as he had just signed a contract to support the Florences for a two weeks' engagement, he declined.....W. J. Florence takes a pocketful of Yellow Jacket stock Last, but he vows will be the coming bonanza. He is out and inbured in stock speculations, and intends to stay here.....Despite the fact that Mr. Kennedy still holds the lease, the receiver of the Standard Theatre has sublet it to Messrs. Locke and Leavitt at a weekly rental of $350. Under the proceeding will only compel a change in the more, and render an amicable settlement of the existing troubles still more difficult.....It is said that "A Mother's Secret" will be performed during the engagement.....R. W. Pender takes the New York company at the California.....Rose Eytinge begins an engagement in Portland April 7.....It is stated that Miss Jeffreys Lewis has been offered the leading part for Our Saviour, and his impersonation has been by far the best of the engagement. Mr. O'Neil had evergiven to lose and nothing to gain by allowing himself to be cast for Our Saviour, and his impersonation has been

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HINES AND BLOSSOM
LATE OF CUMMINGS AND HINES. LATE OF THE BLOSSOMS.
CARD TO MANAGERS.
TO MANAGERS.—HINES AND BLOSSOM, the new team, opened with me for one week. I immediately RE-ENGAGED THEM, as their act is a NOVELTY. They are artists, and destined to be ONE OF THE LEADING TEAMS of the country. NO LAMENESS about them, but ORIGINAL AND GOOD IDEAS in their specialties. B. C. HART, Manager Comique, Cleveland, O.
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(COMMUNICATION.) NEW HAVEN, CT., March 7, 1879.
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(Signed) WILLIAM B. FOX, and many others.
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COMBINATIONS WANTED IMMEDIATELY
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Our variety season closes March 15. Address at once
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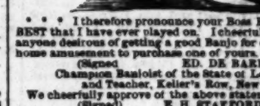

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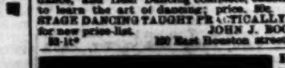

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BAY VIEW VARIETIES,
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, MARCH 8.
CARD.
MISS IDA VIVIENNE,
having noticed the card in last week's CLIPPER from the management of the Vaudeville Theatre, San Antonio, Texas, begs to state that my salary was not "cut down for just cause," but that it is the policy of the present management to engage people from a distance at a fair salary, and then, when they get them there, cut them down. He also wishes to state that he played a six weeks' engagement at this house last season for Mark A. Martin, and found them fair-dealing men; the management has since changed. She would also inform lady performers that they give a no-called-second ball every other night after the show, and they are obliged to remain sometimes till daylight and dance with Mexicans, soldiers, and others. Any lady who won't dance can't play there. It was due myself that I should make this explanation; and now, as I don't court newspaper notoriety, will not notice any more attacks upon me, knowing that I am too well known in my profession for anything of this kind to hurt me.
IDA VIVIENNE.

We, the undersigned, beg to state that the above is true in every respect, as we know from experience. Wm. Quinette, Miss Emma Henry, and the Quinette Children.

Madame Anderson's
CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.
In response to a challenge from Mme. Anderson, which appeared in your issue of Feb. 8, I telegraphed an acceptance of the same to A. R. Samuels, her business-manager, but have received no reply. I would like to hear from her at once, so as to settle the question of who is really the Lady Pedestrian Champion. MADAME FRANKLIN.
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